

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 833

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

More Poster Stamps
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IN GOD'S NAME

Page
Six

THE GREAT SACRIFICE

A MOTHER'S THREE SONS

Pathetic Remembrance From
a German Soldier

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LETTER

This pathetic letter has arrived in Yorkshire from Bavaria addressed to Mrs Lee, Luck Lane, Marsh, Huddersfield, by a German soldier who returns the diary of her son John:

Dear Mrs Lee. I found the diary of your son on the 28th or 29th of May 1915 in a house at St Julien, near Ypres. The Canadian Regiment had left the village as we stormed it.

The book will be a sad memory for you, especially as you offered your Fatherland your five sons.

An Act of Valour

The German soldier was a little mistaken, for we are glad to say that as far as our knowledge goes no mother in this country lost five sons in the war.

We understand that Mrs Lee lost three sons and a son-in-law.

The son whose diary she has just received was wounded while bringing in a wounded German in May 1915 and he lies at Bethune. Another son fell in October 1917 and lies near Ypres, and the youngest boy fell four days before the Armistice and lies near Maubège. His sister's husband had just died, so that these two passed away within a few days of the end of the war, having joined up together at the beginning.

On the Altar of Freedom

It was such a case as this, the case of a mother who actually lost five sons, that was reported to Abraham Lincoln, in the Civil War. The President was deeply moved and he sat down in White House and wrote this letter:

Dear Madam. I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

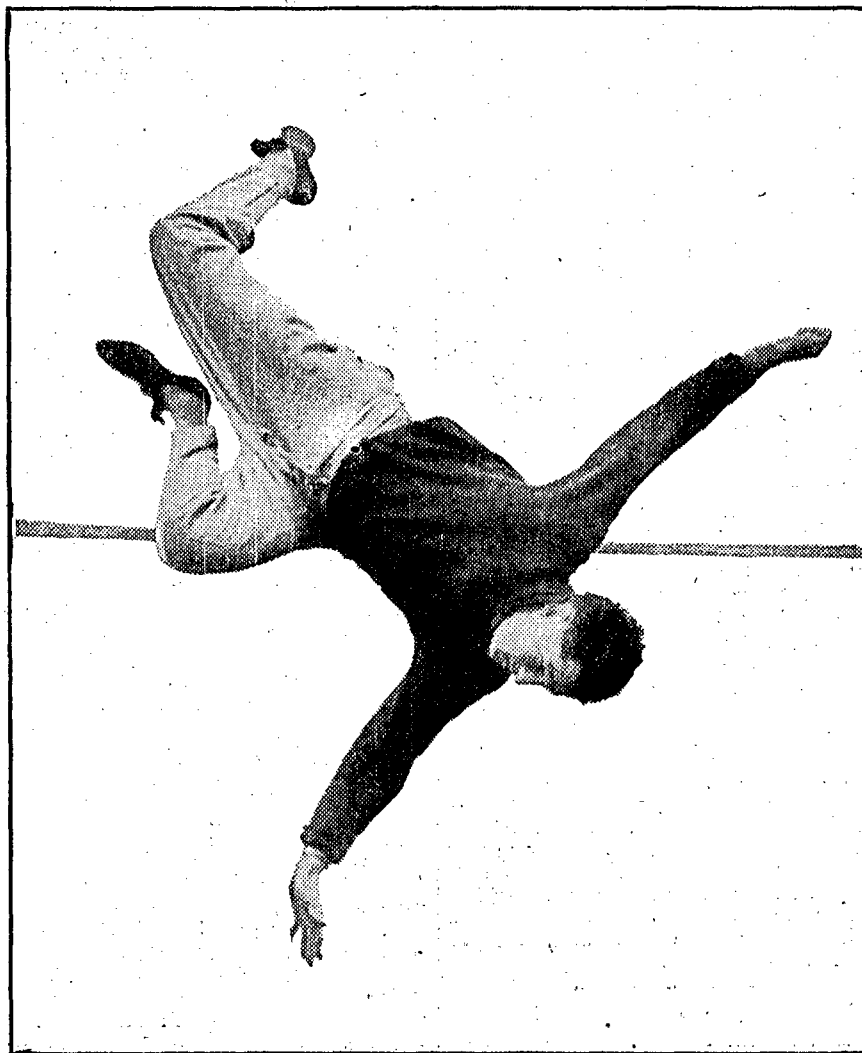
Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The C.N. commends this letter to Mrs Lee and prays that she may be among us for a long time, remembering with pride the precious gift she laid on the altar of her country.

The Skater and the Jumper



An expert skater on the Wembley ice rink



The winner of the high jump in the inter-college sports at Oxford

AN ANCIENT SLOVEN

THE POT FROM THE IRON AGE

Housewife Who Was Not Particular About Washing Up THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HER

It is amusing to discover that the modern housewife's chief trouble is much the same as the Iron Age woman's.

At Poston, in the beautiful Golden Valley near Hereford, there has been dug up on the site of an Iron Age camp an earthenware pot whose inside is black with burned grease.

"There is nothing to compare with it in the country," claims one antiquary.

"Oh, isn't there!" groans the housewife.

But after all this pot *does* differ from the one to be found in your kitchen sink after each hot dinner.

It was made in about 100 A.D. It is tall and graceful, and so thin that it can never have been put on the fire.

Perhaps it was buried in a hole filled with hot ashes. Campers sometimes make a fire in a hole, lift out the burning wood, and then put in a pot or biscuit-tin containing food, which they bury. The meal cooks well, if slowly.

After the meal comes the washing-up, and eighteen centuries have not altered a woman's conviction that this is the most hateful of all domestic tasks.

After Eighteen Centuries

We have scouring powders and brushes. The Iron Age woman had sand and bundles of twigs; but nothing can make the cleaning of a greasy cooking-pot either easy or pleasant.

Of course the hateful task must be tackled at once. But the woman of Poston was the kind who puts things off.

She said, "I'll do it by and by."

Most women have been tempted to say that. But see how fatal it is!

The pot which has just gone to Hereford Museum will be evidence against her for all time.

After eighteen centuries she is held up to scorn for a sloven. Everything else about her is forgotten. She may have been a brave soul who saved her baby by holding a wolf at bay with burning sticks. She may have fought at her husband's side when the camp was attacked. She may have been the kindest woman in the tribe. But everything is forgotten except that she was "not particular about the washing-up."

A GLASS WALL

A wall has just been built in London made entirely of glass bricks.

The bricks appear to be neither transparent nor brittle, and whereas clay bricks are crushed under a pressure of 4000 pounds a square inch, the glass bricks resist up to 5000 pounds.

The bricks would well withstand the impact of any heavy substance.

AT SCHOOL TILL 15

Hope of Great National Reform

CHANCE OF THE CHURCHES

There appears at last to be a real prospect of the school-leaving age being raised to 15.

In replying to a deputation representing all parties and creeds the Prime Minister has declared that the Government has fully accepted the case for an educational advance, and that the Board of Education has been instructed to investigate the problem once more.

Two difficulties stood in the way of this essential reform when it was brought forward in 1931. One was the cost, but happily this consideration will not now arise as the country can afford today what it could not afford four years ago. The only difficulty now is the possible disagreement between the Churches.

It is a promising sign that this old controversy is dying down, for the deputation to the Prime Minister represented all the religious bodies. The Archbishop of York, who was the chief speaker, stated that there was every prospect of an agreement between the Free Churches and the Church of England on the religious question.

We sincerely trust that no quarrels will delay any measure introduced by the Government. All that greatly matters now is the moral and educational effect of an additional year at school on the boys and girls of this country. If all parties and creeds will think of that, and of that alone, there is no doubt the financial details will be amicably arranged.

NEW ZEALAND'S DRY SUMMER

Acres Lost By Burning FIRES THAT WILL BURN TILL THE RAIN FALLS

New Zealand, whose warmest weather comes about Christmas-time, has experienced just such a dry summer as we had.

Many farmers suffered great losses during December and January, when fires raged in the peat swamps of the Waikato River valley.

The peat land, made up of decayed vegetation deposited during thousands of years, grows grass readily when drained, so many settlers have made their farms on it. Unfortunately the peat catches fire easily in dry weather, and it is difficult to put out, for it burns like coal.

Thousands of acres of peat land have been laid waste. Settlers have seen their farms burn slowly to a mass of ashes. Plant life will not take root again for many years, and meantime this land is useless. Throughout the valley huge columns of smoke have risen to form great clouds in the summer sky. At night the smoke has hung low, wrapping the country roads and the streets of towns near by in a smoky blanket as thick as a London fog.

Trenches dug to check the flames are not always successful, for sparks blown over start fresh fires. Some will burn themselves out; others will burn until the autumn and winter rains come. The district affected is only a small portion of New Zealand, but the heavy damage means serious loss for settlers who have laboured for years to reclaim what may be termed New Zealand's Fen Country.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bethune	Bay-tune
Engadine	En-ga-deen
Fritillary	Frit-il-la-re
Pontresina	Pon-tray-ze-na
Sonora	So-no-ra
Waikato	Wa-c-ka-toe

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN And Mr Pepys Looks In

There was not a better entertainment in all London than the Bethnal Green Pageant, which covered 1000 years of history.

One was enthralled by the beauty, interest, and reality of the scenes. They made the past live again and gave to all who saw them a new pride of citizenship.

Everybody likes a story, and the legend of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green proves as popular as ever it could have been in the Middle Ages.

The Blind Beggar, so the ballad says, was the son of Simon de Montfort. Although he was supposed to have been slain with his father at Evesham in 1265 he was rescued from the battlefield, wounded and blind, by a baron's daughter, who nursed him secretly, and they were married.

The pageant opened with the arrival of the Blind Beggar and Bess, his daughter, who had come to live in Bethnal Green. When she was about to marry Sir Walter his indignant kinsmen tried to stop the marriage, and were amazed to find that she was the granddaughter of the famous founder of our Parliament.

Mr Pepys, who left his journal with friends at Bethnal House during the Great Fire, was another popular pageant character.

The Passing Show of Life and Industry made a fitting end to the pageant. There were furniture-makers, costers in pearlys, victims of poverty, old and modern factory workers, and modern youth, who brought a cheering message for Bethnal Green's future.

A SCENE IN THE SHETLANDS

Like the Funeral of a Viking

The yearly celebration of the Uphyella recently held in the Shetland Islands is a remembrance of the days when life was at the mercy of the Vikings.

It represents the funeral of a chief. They construct a barge some thirty feet long, with the prow shaped like a dragon's head and the poop like its tail.

A Viking in coat of mail and winged helmet accompanied by his men bearing their spears and shields rides in the barge on its lorry through the main streets of the town. Three hundred torchbearers and bands playing ancient airs form the procession, which finally arrives on the shore, where the whole population chants The Viking's Home.

Then at the sound of a trumpet the Viking and his men leave the boat, the torches are thrown into it, and it is allowed to go adrift at the mercy of the waves, burning until it sinks out of sight.

THE OAK THAT HID A KING

We all know the story of Charles the Second hiding in an oak tree, but how many know the romantic sequel, which is recalled by the will of Mr James Penderel-Brodhurst, the journalist and author, who has left to his daughter Eleanor the Penderel Perpetual Annuity.

It was after the defeat at Worcester (Cromwell's crowning mercy) that "honest Richard Penderel" and his brothers hid the fugitive king in the famous oak of Boscobel.

When his fortunes changed and he was on the throne again he remembered their kindness, and by taxing Round-head lands awarded a pension to the Penderel family for ever. After nearly three centuries their descendants still reap the reward, and for the rest of her life from now Miss Penderel-Brodhurst will benefit from the gratitude of Charles Stuart's son.

Paraguay has given notice to withdraw from the League.

WHAT TO DO WITH A GOLDEN WEDDING The Colman Way

We like the idea of Sir Jeremiah Colman, who has been celebrating his Golden Wedding by giving instead of receiving.

Sir Jeremiah is a vice-president of the Boy Scouts, while Lady Colman is president of the Reigate Girl Guides, so that it is not surprising to learn that two of their biggest gifts were to the Scouts and Guides. Then one hospital has received a portable X-ray appliance and others sums of money; the Order of St John of Jerusalem is richer by a motor ambulance and the Salvation Army by £500; and the Royal Horticultural Society has £1000 to spend on improving flowers and fruit.

St John's College, Cambridge, is to have a squash racquet court, and the staff of the famous mustard firm, J. & J. Colman, have shared £1000.

So there have been rejoicings worthy of so important an event as a Golden Wedding in many places. In spite of having their home at Gatton stricken by fire, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Colman must be feeling very happy in this proud year of their lives, for they have given so much happiness away. And even their home is coming back, for so young are they that they have built it up again and are setting out on what we pray may be a long and happy life together, with a Diamond Wedding in store for them and after that two Centenaries.

O.K. BY BA MAW

A Rice Mill in the News

Mr Ba Maw, manager of a rice mill in Rangoon, wrote O.K. on some invoices about a quantity of rice the mill held.

Because the people who were selling the rice and a Japanese bank which had advanced money on its security could not agree, the dispute was carried all the way to the Privy Council sitting in London so that the Law Lords should decide whether Mr Ba Maw, when he wrote O.K., meant what he wrote or wrote what he meant.

In these days of universal education Mr Ba Maw was aware that O.K. is generally taken to mean All Correct. The question whether the phrase arose from an American misspelling, Orl Korrekt, as humorists allege, or whether from the more respectable Choktaw word Okeh, signifying So Be It, did not arise. The problem was whether Ba Maw meant merely that the bills had been checked and found correct and that the rice was really in the mill, or whether he meant that he agreed with the Japanese bank's claim on it.

In the upshot the Law Lords decided that Ba Maw merely meant to write that it was the rice which was O.K. and not the Japanese claim.

OLD CLOCKS STILL TICK

Two hundred years ago a Yorkshire carpenter, John Harrison, produced a ship's chronometer which was more accurate than any made before.

Harrison made several clocks, and three of them have been restored to working order and have been ticking side by side in the Drapers Hall in London.

For one surface of every bearing in Harrison's chronometers he used lignum vitae, a very hard wood which is naturally greasy, and so, even after all these years, his little machines still run without needing a drop of oil. For as long as they continue to run no oil will be required. Lignum vitae comes from Jamaica, and it must have been exceedingly rare in England in John Harrison's day. He was proud of his clocks, and took the greatest pains with them, though he was ill-rewarded by the Admiralty, which treated him badly for years. Eventually he received an award of £20,000.

GREAT FEAT OF BRITISH SCIENCE Making Our Own Petrol 30 MILLION GALLONS A YEAR

It is expected that by the end of June petrol will be produced from British coal at Billingham at the rate of 30,000,000 gallons a year.

Compared with our annual consumption of petrol, amounting to 1170 million gallons, this is a small quantity, yet it is an excellent beginning, and there is no doubt it will increase as the months go by.

The new plant, which has just been completed, is the latest of many at Billingham which have revolutionised production and have made Imperial Chemical Industries one of the most famous firms in the world.

It is only three or four years ago that petrol was made from coal at Billingham, but the scientists there have spent more than £1,000,000 in research work, which has been so successful that another £3,000,000 has been spent in erecting plant on 60 of the 800 acres covered by the firm's works.

The steel used in the new works in itself cost over a million pounds.

Helping on Prosperity

In this process of obtaining petrol from coal hundreds of thousands of tons of coal will be used a year, meaning employment to the workers in the neighbouring Durham coalmines. Over 1500 men will be employed at Billingham in the actual processes, grinding the coal, mixing it with oil until it flows, treating it with hydrogen, and refining the resultant oil into petrol.

It has been estimated that this petrol can be produced at less than sevenpence a gallon, and as the Government has promised to tax it at fourpence less than imported petrol it should easily hold its own against rival supplies.

This new discovery, now firmly placed on a commercial basis, promises to help enormously in bringing back prosperity and usefulness to England's greatest industrial asset, our coalmines, an asset which petrol itself has long been threatening to ruin.

TO HOOT OR NOT TO HOOT?

That is the Question

There has been much discussion as to the wisdom of abolishing the use of the motor-horn entirely.

Its prohibition at night has not led to an increase in accidents, and it might safely be extended to all the hours when motor-cars must be lighted.

The Earl of Munster has given the House of Lords some striking examples of the success of a total ban in towns on the Continent. The experiment in Rome was officially declared to have resulted in a large reduction of accidents; while in the four years during which a total ban has been in force at Helsingfors the number of fatal accidents has been halved. Success, too, has been claimed at Stuttgart, where the horn may only be sounded in cases of urgent necessity.

THINGS SAID

It's a five-minute walk by train as the crow flies. Witness at a police court

The Society intends shortly to hold an evening of bad taste.

Director of United Arts Society
A military training can instil peace-time virtues. The Times

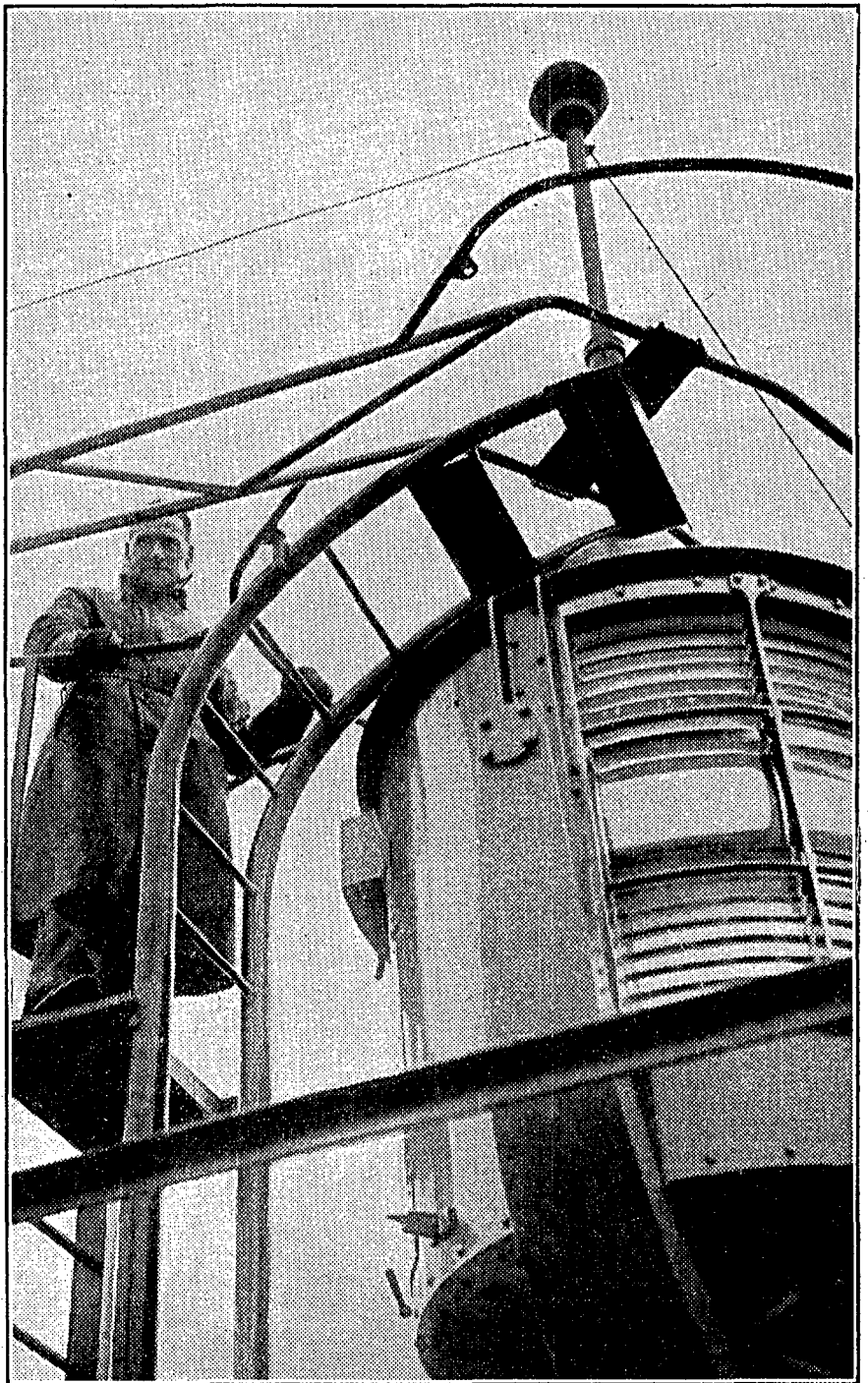
I live on an overdraft. Mr Baldwin
The best motorists use their horns least. Bishop of Winchester

When I started to fight for better things I never dreamed that so much would be accomplished. Mr Lansbury.

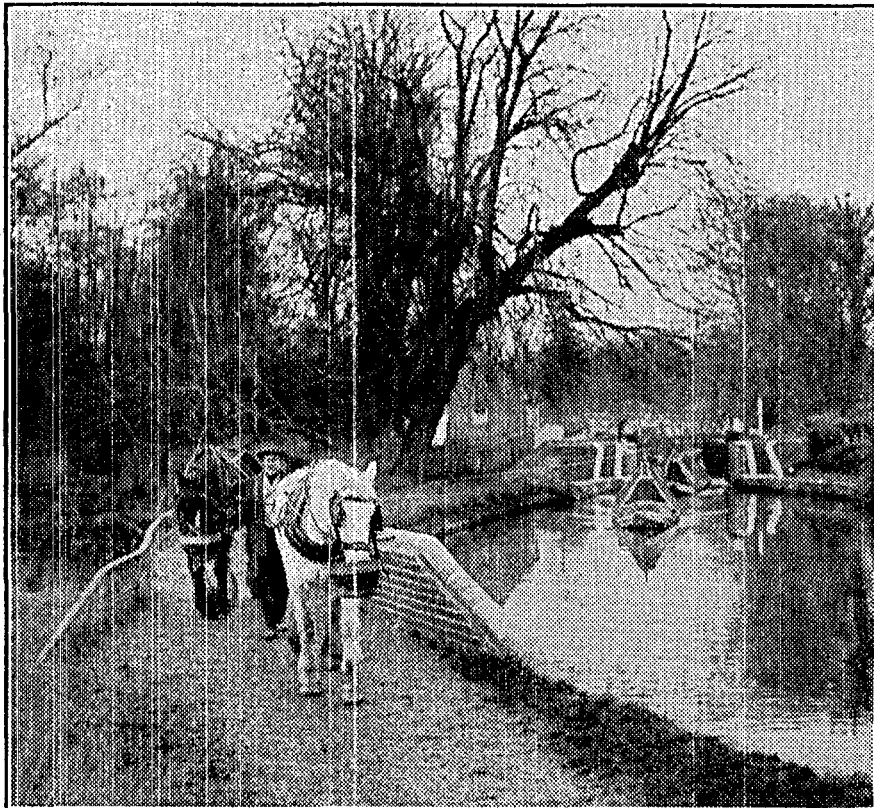
RESCUING A SHEEP · AIRMAN'S LIGHTHOUSE · ELEPHANT AT WORK



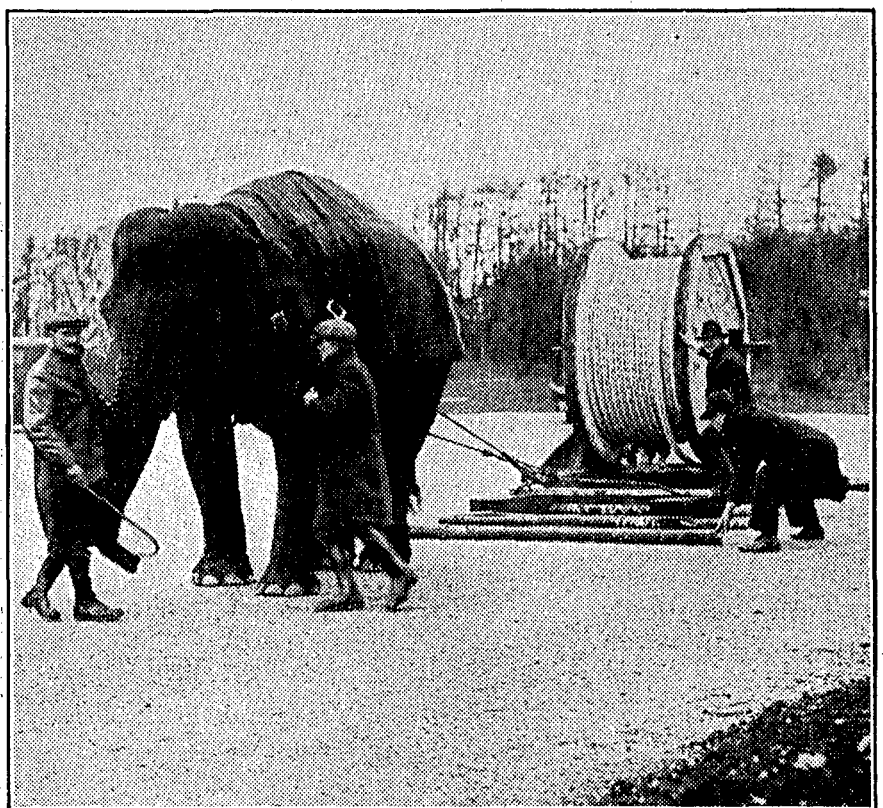
Rescuing a Sheep—A shepherd of Langdale in the Lake District is here seen scaling a crag, with the aid of his son, after rescuing a fallen sheep.



Airman's Lighthouse—The 800,000 candle-power beacon which has been set up on the new Leicester Aerodrome will be visible to airmen in a radius of about 50 miles.



Old Friends To Go—There will be no work for towing-horses when 150 Diesel-engined barges which are now being built are running on the Grand Union Canal between London and Birmingham. Meanwhile the old horses plod along, munching their dinner as they go.



Earning Her Living—Whipsnade Zoo has no need of a motor-tractor, for Dixie, the famous elephant, can do the heavy haulage work. Here she is seen pulling a big reel of electric cable which is being laid to new buildings in the park.

THE GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

Their Grass Worth Millions

POSSIBLE REVOLUTION IN OUR FARMING

Our farmers and agricultural professors have been holding a Grass Conference, and we note with surprise that our cattle eat in a year grass and hay worth £120,000,000.

Mr Ling, of Bristol University, says that a cow eats 120 lbs of grass a day. If the grass is good, that is equivalent to eight chickens, 50 lbs of cabbage, and 40 lbs of potatoes. If the grass is bad, it is equal to no more than 5 lbs of tough beef and 70 lbs of cabbage soup.

Sometimes cattle prefer weeds to grasses. The best results in some grazing experiments in Worcestershire were in places where the herd had access to some common land. Many weeds are more nourishing than grass. Young stinging nettles, for example, are rich in protein.

Professor Stapledon, of the plant-breeding station at Aberystwyth, also praised the value of weeds and told the farmers he was now busy collecting seeds of buttercups and daisies.

Silage, vegetable matter preserved by collection in a receptacle and allowed to ferment, was also discussed. An expert said that silage is equal in value to hay; when made of young grass it is worth more than hay. Young grass artificially dried is as nutritious and valuable as when growing in the fields.

Efforts are now being made to produce this at £5 a ton delivered in the farmer's barn, and if this is realised English farming will be revolutionised.

PENNIES PLAIN OR BRIGHT

A Year With Only Four

Bright new 1935 pennies are circulating earlier than usual this year.

It is a pleasure to see them so shining and clean, for many of the last 1934 batch were purposely made a dull colour at the Mint. This was because the banks requested that pennies issued round Christmas-time should not be bright, to avoid an exceptional demand. So it was decided to darken half the issue.

Strange to say, in 1933 only four pennies were minted. None of these will burn a hole in Mary's pocket or be spent on a pennyworth of sweets, for one is in the Coin Room at the British Museum, another is at the Mint, and the other two are hidden in the foundations of buildings, one in the new London University block. Many millions of pennies have sometimes been struck in one year. When twelve million were struck in 1922 it was considered a small issue, and pennies of that year are becoming rare.

NO BROKEN BRICKS

Broken bricks have been the bane of builders and contractors. What a waste!

Three million bricks have been transported from a Lancashire brickworks to the bottom of a tunnel under Mumbles Head, near Swansea, and not one was broken. Not one was touched by hand the whole way.

The bricks are used to form the lining of huge subterranean tanks for the Swansea main drainage scheme. Daily five-wagon loads of the bricks loaded in containers left the works at Accrington.

These containers were unloaded at Swansea by crane on to a lorry, which took them to the head of a working shaft at Mumbles, where a crane lowered them to trolleys at the bottom of the shaft. Untouched by hand they were taken to the working face.

B-P'S DREAM

Young and Fit and Looking Forward

We take these notes from a letter from the Chief Guide, sent out from the Girl Guide Headquarters.

This tour is being altogether perfect in every way, and we are all revelling in every minute of it.

The Chief is absolutely splendidly well. I have never known him fitter, and he simply loves the travelling and the peeps of Scouts and Guides at each port of call, and this heat is evidently perfect for him. He looks and is and feels ten years younger than when we left home, and it really is quite amazing to see him, and such a joy!

From an article written by B-P himself on his Australian tour we take this passage

It is not merely the sight of this deeply moving pageant on parade that touches me, but the laughter and songs and the joyous shouting of happy lads in their bivouacs and round their camp fires that tell of the cheery, happy, and full-hearted comradeship that is growing up between them all.

It is in that cheery Scout spirit of mutual goodwill, already prevailing among several millions of young men and maidens about the world, that I dream my dreams and visualise a coming change of spirit that will form the true foundation for peace in the world, without which man-made leagues and ordinances are only built on sand.

IN OTHER DAYS

Grandfather's Unemployment Pay

Everybody has been discussing what is the lowest sum which can fairly be paid to the unemployed. A correspondent sends us the scale which was followed by the Blackburn Relief Committee during the Cotton Famine of 1862.

Sixpence a week each was allowed to a man and his wife and one child. Each additional child raised the total by fourpence until 2s 6d was paid to a family of six. For every child beyond that number threepence was allowed. A family of 12 thus received the grand total of 4s. There were no supplementary scales at all.

TAKING A PIANO TO BED

"You must have a week in bed."

"Oh, no, doctor! I must keep up my piano practice. The exam. is next week."

"Then take the piano to bed."

You can really do that now. The invalid's piano, shown at the British Industries Fair, has a keyboard which can be pulled across the bed. The instrument folds up against the wall when Nurse arrives with the tea-tray, and it runs about on rubber casters when the ward maid comes to polish the floor.

Once upon a time the invalid had to be content with a book, a bit of needlework, or a pack of patience cards. Now he can take his piano to bed with him.

FLAX WANTED

A shortage of flax (a real failure of supply this time) is troubling the Irish linen industry.

Russia is the main source of supply, and the Soviets are using more, while Germany is importing flax as a substitute for cotton and wool.

It is possible for sufficient flax to be grown in this country to meet the deficiency; the King is already growing it at Sandringham. Flax prices are expected to rise.

THE OLD HEROES

In spite of their hazardous calling there are five lifeboat coxswains at Whitby Station whose ages total 356 years and whose lifeboat service amounts to no less than 217 years.

THE ROUNDABOUT BRIDGE

One More Road Idea

SAVING TIME AND ACCIDENTS

A correspondent who was formerly an engineer on the L.M.S. Railway has sent us some interesting drawings showing how traffic roundabouts could be improved by carrying the roads on as before, one crossing the other by a bridge.

This would mean that it would not be necessary for any motorist who wished to go straight on to slacken his speed.

Should he wish to turn right or left, however, he would keep to the inside of the road, and where he would otherwise have to cross the traffic he would proceed over the bridge, round a quarter of the

The Safeway

The Car takes the Highway

The Walker takes the Pathway

We cross by the Safeway

circle of the roundabout, and under the bridge, or vice versa if he was on the other highway.

Our correspondent also suggests that a modified roundabout with a bridge for the main road would ease the problem of turning into a main road against the stream of traffic at T-shaped junctions. Instead of having to wait, the motorist could drive straight on under the bridge and round a quarter-circle into the main road, and thus cross the bridge in the main stream of traffic. This would only apply to very busy road junctions, but it would surely reduce accidents to a minimum.

ANOTHER BAD THING GOING

At least one dangerous level-crossing in the country has every prospect of disappearing.

It is over the railway line near Houghton, where the famous stronghold Houghton Towers has stood for ages.

On the road from Bolton to Preston the crossing is dangerous enough in itself, for it passes over the Belmont moorlands, land of wide views and foggy onsets. The scheme will cost upwards of £39,772, of which the Ministry of Transport will pay £29,000.

TWO MEN CROSS THE ROAD

It takes two to make a quarrel, we know, but only lately have we learned that it takes two to make a procession.

The Nazi Government issued an order forbidding "public processions of Confessional Youth Associations."

Two Catholic Youth leaders have just been fined for crossing the road together in uniform, thus "committing a breach of order." It cost them £12 each.

As Aesop told us in his fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, you can always find an excuse for eating your prey.

VANISHING HISTORY

The Spanish town of Cadiz is sad, for the last portion of her wall, which represents 2000 years of her history, is to be removed.

Only one beautiful gate, the historic Puerta de Tierra, will be left to remind Spaniards of past days.

It is the expansion of the city that has made the removal necessary, and the demolition began as far back as 1906, amid great opposition.

The Romans built the wall, and it was restored in the 13th century.

The porch of St Andrew's Church, Alexandra Park, has been converted into an omnibus shelter by the vicar.

Captain Stanley Hulse and Mr F. T. Neale have flown from Johannesburg to Cape Town and back, 1580 miles, in 141 hours.

£100,000,000 OF WORK

A Big Part of the Recovery

BUT ONLY £2 A HEAD

A big part in the recovery in our home trade has been played by building.

Last year over £100,000,000 worth of building was done, for official records show that 146 chief towns passed plans for building costing nearly £96,000,000.

Of this sum nearly £70,000,000 was spent on dwelling-houses.

Taking all sorts of buildings, the trade's orders were worth 60 millions in 1924 and 75 millions in 1929.

When this industry is busy a hundred other trades flourish. Its big wages bill means that an army of people demand more at the shops.

While the figure for 1934 looks big, we must relate it to our 46,000,000 people. Then we see it was too small, only about £2 a head. It calls for much more than that to rehouse our people in a manner worthy of a great nation.

GOODBYE WORKHOUSE

Nice Little Homes Instead

We have officially abolished the word Workhouse, but the reality remains with us in too many places, even if work-houses are now called Institutions.

The reform plans of the L.C.C. are therefore to be welcomed, for London contains some of the very worst work-houses left in the country. The work-house atmosphere will not go until the Public Assistance Committees can give proper accommodation in well-built clean buildings.

In Munich is a palace for the poor not unworthy to be the architectural neighbour of a royal palace.

What London is about to do for the aged inmates of the obsolete work-houses is to set them up in pretty homes in the outer ring. We hope they will be ready soon enough to sweeten the close of many poor hardworking lives.

THE LITTER LOUT OF THE RIVER

A particularly objectionable type of Litter Lout was discussed at a meeting of the Kent Angling Foundation at Kendal.

"The bed of the River Kent is like a submarine store of bedsteads and bicycle wheels!" complained one of the anglers.

"It certainly must be a horrifying experience," said the president, "to look into the river for trout and see nothing but broken china."

As a result of the meeting it is hoped that there will be a tightening up of the bye-laws prohibiting the throwing of rubbish into the river.

THE STORK'S 4-HOUR DAY

Members of the Munich Bird Society have discovered that storks flying south to escape the northern winter travel more than 125 miles a day.

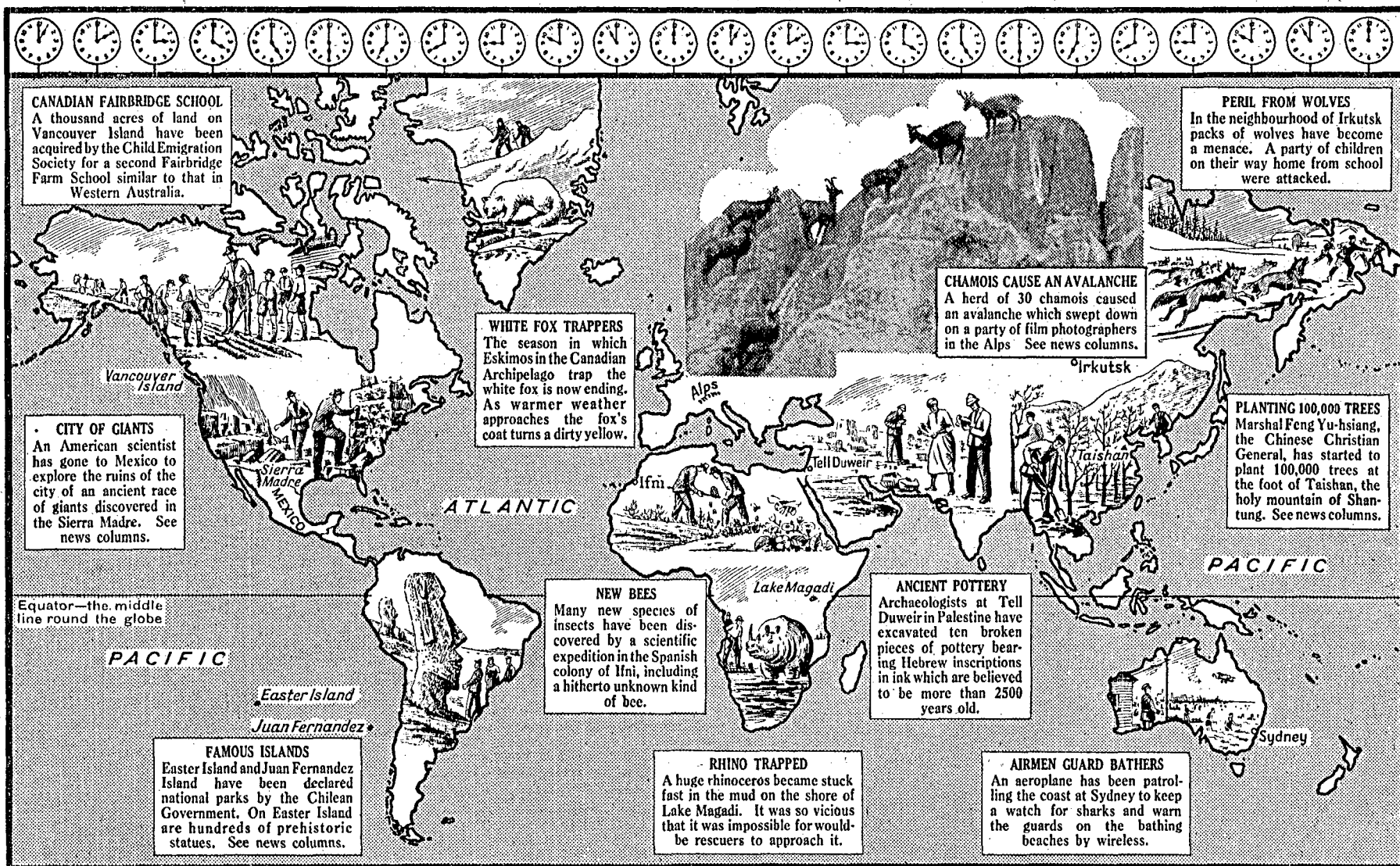
They are sensible birds, for they fly only four hours of the day. Thus their speed is a little more than 30 miles an hour. The remaining 20 hours are spent in feeding, resting, and sleeping so that they keep fit for travelling thousands of miles over the stork airways.

MILK, LIME, AND BONE

Science is beginning to do its duty by agriculture, and the value of common things is being better understood.

Professor Armstrong, pointing out the value of lime in milk, said he would like to see it made a crime to produce milk from land deficient in lime because it robbed children of healthy bones (bone being cartilage hardened by lime).

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE CHAMOIS AND THE AVALANCHE Tragic Event in the Alps A CURIOUS TRADITION

Just after a party of four skiers had set out on the heights above Pontresina in the Engadine the other day an avalanche swept down on them.

The skiers were members of a company making a German film with a background of the Alps, and the calamity descended on them like a bolt from the skies. The place where the accident occurred was one where no avalanche had ever been known to fall. Two of the party lost their lives.

Below them the other actors and photographers of the company saw, a moment before the accident, a herd of 30 chamois flying across the snow above the Coaz Hut which the skiers had left. The only explanation offered of the descent of the avalanche was that these light-footed animals in crossing a snow bridge set the whole mass of snow in motion, though themselves fleet enough to escape its fall.

A stranger accident can hardly ever have taken place, but there is a curious tradition among the Swiss dwellers on the heights that chamois pursued by hunters sometimes so direct their flight as to leave a falling avalanche behind them.

See World Map

100,000 TREES

We should like to know what thoughts are in the mind of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general, as he plants trees at the foot of Taishan, the holy mountain of Shantung, where he has retired to meditate.

He hopes to plant 100,000. Do they seem to him the best army he has ever mustered, an army that will fight for a better life for China long after he is gone? Does he long to die in the certainty that he has done 100,000 good deeds for his country? Or does he simply love trees?

See World Map

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND A National Park

Easter Island and Juan Fernandez have been declared national parks by the Chilean Government.

Easter Island is some 2200 miles from Chile and owes its name to the fact that its discoverer, the Dutch admiral Roggeveen, landed there on Easter Day of 1722. It measures only 50 square miles and has few inhabitants, but is famous for its wonderful statues, about 500 in number, the origin of which is still a mystery.

Juan Fernandez is the name of a Pacific island group some 400 miles from Chile. The chief island was discovered by Juan Fernandez in 1565, and there the Scot, Alexander Selkirk, maintained himself for over four years in 1704-9, after leaving his ship through a quarrel with its master. This notable adventure gave Defoe the basis of Robinson Crusoe. It is a beautiful island, only 13 miles long and 4 wide; its precipitous, volcanic rocks are contrasted with rich vegetation which supports a certain amount of animal life.

See World Map

THE ONLY TRAFALGAR SHIP STILL AFLOAT

The King has just sent £50 to the only Trafalgar ship still afloat, in order to keep it afloat.

The Implacable was launched in 1800, and fought at Trafalgar. She was a French ship, and became a prize of war. Now she is a Holiday Training Ship for British boys, and gave 1200 of them a wonderful time last summer.

Sir Owen Seaman, 2 Whitehall Court, S.W.1, is chairman of the fund which helps to keep the Implacable in her right place, on the sea. Who could bear to think of her ashore, being hacked into souvenirs and firewood?

Surrey has raised about £30,000 for distressed Jarrow.

LOST CITY OF GIANTS? A Mexico Exploration

From Our Mexico Correspondent

Mr Paxton Hayes, an American ethnologist and geologist, has gone to Mexico from the United States for further exploration of "the lost city of a race of giants," as he himself calls it, claiming to have discovered it in the mountains of the Western Sierra Madre range in the State of Sonora.

Mr Hayes expects to bring back some startling revelations when he returns from his expedition. Meanwhile he dares to state his belief that the place was built by a race which lived 15,000 years ago, an age before any civilisation we know of. The buildings in which this ancient people dwelled have walls over 15 feet thick.

In his first visit to this ancient city Mr Hayes found 34 mummies of human beings of giant height, measuring from about seven to nine feet each.

Mr Hayes first entered this lost city through the glen of a waterfall and came to a blind gorge. There he saw the majestic ruins of the old buildings, and some 18 cairns used by this early people for burying their dead. The lost city of Sonora is known of in various legends, and has been vainly searched for by various other explorers in the past.

See World Map

OCULIST AND NEEDLEMAN

Human parrots, please take note: it is no longer safe to say "Needlework is bad for the eyes."

An exhibition of fine needlework has been opened at 61 Green Street in aid of Westminster charities, and among the beautiful pieces of embroidery is one by that distinguished oculist Sir William Lister.

We had thought of him as a golfer rather than a needleman, but his work on linen is exquisite.

If Sir William is not afraid of hurting his eyes with needlework, neither need anyone else be afraid.

WISDOM OUT OF SCHOOL What Dr Norwood Would Do ABOLISH ALGEBRA AND TAX THE OVAL

In one of the most charming of Barrie's plays a demure little schoolmistress struggles with algebra because a parent demands that his child must learn it.

She is mystified as she reads, "A little 2 stroke b little 2," and so forth, and she would have been pleased to learn that Dr Cyril Norwood, who was head of Harrow School until the other day, would banish algebra from the ordinary school diet. Addressing the Oxford Education Group, he said:

I am heretical enough to think that arithmetic and simple geometry are enough, and I have been so stupid that no one has been able to explain to me clearly why algebra should be a necessary part of the mental furniture of everybody.

On the other hand, he made an urgent plea for physical education. He wants the schools to give a great deal more thought to the production of real health, and to seek to raise up a generation of boys and girls who will be ashamed to be ill if it means that their illness is due to the neglect of the laws of health.

Dr Norwood added that if he were a Mussolini or a Hitler he would tax the profits of Lord's, the Oval, Ascot, Epsom, Twickenham, Wembley, and all the big sporting grounds ten per cent, and use the money for providing playing-fields for the people.

We agree that it would not hurt Soccer to reduce those £10,000 transfer fees to provide fields for the masses.

OLD FARMER COOKE

There has just passed away at Spalding a well-known farmer, Frank Herbert Cooke, who managed 2000 acres and was the first farmer on the telephone and the first to force bulbs by electric light. His farm was known far and wide for its remarkable up-to-dateness.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 9

1935

In God's Name

You who are warm and comfortable and well fed, sitting by your fire if it is a cold night or riding in your car if it is a sunny day, will you please read this?

It is from the poorest parish in the poorest part of England, and it is wonderful to think how uplifted it would be if every happy home where the C.N. goes would reach out to it a helping hand. If it were only a shilling, half-a-crown, or a Treasury note from all of us, and if it went in the post tonight, it would be like a miracle up there in the morning. But let the vicar speak, in this letter which he sends to us:

I am making an appeal for the Distressed Area of Witton Park, the poorest parish in the Durham district. All the mines and factories are closed down and 96 per cent of our people are on the dole or parish relief. Our men, sober and law-abiding, have been out of work for many years.

It is a dreadful fact that in a large number of cases their spirit is broken, their initiative gone, and their nerves shattered by idleness and introspection. A deadly reaction is setting in. They go about haggard and careworn, almost hopeless. Many are suffering from the effects of the Great War and scores have been injured in the mines.

A lot of the children are semi-starved and literally in rags. Delicate mothers are denying themselves food for the children's sake. Habitually underfed, ill clad, badly housed, they go woefully short of the common things of life. I am entrusted with the care of their souls; Christianity demands that I should care for their bodies also. They come for help and it is painful to send them away empty-handed. J. F. Newell Farnell, Vicar

These broken lives, these broken hearts, are not far away in some distant land but here in our own Island. They are our fellow-countrymen. These little ones, underfed, ill clad, and badly housed, are England's. These mothers who deny themselves are ours. These men whose hope is gone were the backbone of England in her peaceful days and her heroes in the war.

This is what war has brought them to. It has robbed the world of everything worth while for them. It has turned their days to suffering and their nights to sleeplessness. It has kept their cupboards empty and their hearts full of grief.

What are you going to do about it? We will repeat the address, and leave it to you:

Rev J. F. Newell Farnell,
Witton Park, County Durham



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



No Unemployed

OF all the businesses in the world the Post Office is managed with exemplary economy.

The capital with which it works amounts to £150,182,000, which is small when we remember that it covers an organisation extending to every tiny and remote village.

There are now 23,441 post offices and a staff numbering 227,882, and it is a remarkable fact that the recent abolition of auxiliary postal servants means that in this great business, affecting all our lives, there is no unemployment.

Spreading the Work

THE world is indebted to Italy for suggesting the idea of shortening the working week to reduce the number of the idle, and also for putting the plan into action. In December and January 206,284 Italian unemployed were absorbed through the shortening of the week to 40 hours. At Geneva our Government opposed the plan; yet would it not do much more here than in Italy?

Men of Action

WHATEVER else may be said about Mr Lloyd George's proposals to further national prosperity there may surely be agreement on his suggestion that we should set up a Peace Time War Cabinet of five Ministers not worried by administrative duties.

In the war Mr Lloyd George's Cabinet sat in continuous session and called in, from day to day, the foremost men in every line of endeavour.

Why not apply the same method in peace? All this has nothing to do with politics; it is common sense.

1000 Idiots

HALF the number of false alarms to the hard-worked London fire brigade last year were malicious.

It is hard to believe that there were more than 1000 drunkards and idiots who called up the brigade out of mischief; yet so it was.

It needs little intelligence to realise that London firemen, who have to answer nearly 9000 calls a year, more than one every hour of the day, have quite enough to do, and we may all hope that some way will be found of dealing with these mischief-makers, whose proper place is not in the streets but in an asylum or a prison.

Casualty List of the Great War

(Continued)

AN old shell has killed three men and injured two others on the Piave battlefield in Northern Italy.

In 1914 a boy of eight was hit in the lungs by a stray bullet near Metz. Now, a man of 29, he has died in hospital.

The Right Way To Walk

WHILE we wait for the common-sense rule of walking left on the footpath, and so always facing the danger and avoiding sudden stepping into traffic, it is interesting to see Mr Hore-Belisha's experiment with barriers at busy points.

It is one of the remarkable facts about our Transport System that the Railway, the safest of all means of travel, is fenced in, while the Road, the most dangerous of all, is open.

Our own advice to all is to Walk left and face the danger.

Tip-Cat

A DENTIST finds many friends by attending to their teeth. And takes them out.

TAILORS are good judges of men. Know how to take their measure.

BOOKS are the best sort of friends to have. You can always shut them up.

SEDENTARY work, somebody declares, takes the spirit out of a man. He is easily sat on.



If a joke that is cracked can be repaired

SOME houses are run like clockwork. But only if the mistress keeps a watch.

A WRITER says he sends most of his letters by air mail. Keeps up

a regular correspondence.

WHAT do yachtsmen do when the wind drops? Say Blow.

SOME canaries are sold for £100 apiece. An exchange of notes.

WHERE is the modern girl going? somebody asks. Other people want to know what she is coming to.

COLOURS have strange effects on people. Nobody likes to have the blues.

THE artist who makes a speciality of painting rough seas hopes to take London by storm.

MOTORISTS are not always honest. But you can't catch them out.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A LADY has left £1200 for a scholarship for Westminster Abbey choristers.

WALK left on the pathway is to be the rule of the Highway Code.

GREYHOUND RACING has been prohibited in Uruguay.

THERE is a chance that Malvern Hills may be bought for the nation.

JUST AN IDEA

Why is it that any cheapjack is allowed to ruin our magnificent roads with his huts and shanties? Write to your M.P. about it.

There is No Darkness

IN childhood long ago I deeply feared the night. A dreadful thing it seemed; No sound therein, no light!

BALES go to bed at dusk;

They see not what men see: The moonlight flood the skies And silver every tree.

WHO walks beneath the stars, Who hears the night bird sing,

Can never fear the night, That bright and lovely thing.

MY curtain made the dark . . .

So now I will not fear That other Night whose stars Men cannot yet see clear.

Country Girl

The Little Schoolmistress of Lynn

By the Look-About Lady

WE were a small company round the dinner table one evening on a great Atlantic liner.

The American journalist had been inviting us to name the three places where we would sooner live than anywhere else, if we could afford it. Rome, Cairo, Prague, came his list.

We added ours, and then turned to the dark-eyed little schoolmistress from Lynn, Massachusetts. The rest of us were feeling a little dejected at the realisation that our ambitions had soared right away from the realms of practical possibility.

"And where would you like to live if you only could?" we asked the schoolmistress from Lynn.

"Well, do you know I'm very fond of Lynn," was the blushing answer; and somehow we all felt refreshed at this reply of a young philosopher who was just being happy in the spot where she was placed by Destiny.

The Wayside Flower

Pluck not the wayside flower,
It is the traveller's dower;
A thousand passers-by
Its beauties may espy,
May win a touch of blessing
From Nature's mild caressing.
The sad of heart perceives
A violet under leaves
Like some fresh-budding hope;
The primrose on the slope
A spot of sunshine dwells,
And cheerful message tells
Of kind renewing power;
The nodding bluebell's dye
Is drawn from happy sky.
Then spare the wayside flower!
It is the traveller's dower.

William Allingham

The Fox and the Hedgehog

We take this fable from a speech broadcast not long ago in Germany.

A FOX, meeting a hedgehog, said: Don't you know that peace has been proclaimed and that it is a crime against the king's command to go armed? Hand over your skin!

Whereupon the hedgehog, answering First have your teeth drawn and then we can talk, coiled himself into a ball, projected his spikes, and faced the world, armed but peaceful!

THE TALKING BOOK

IT IS BOUND TO COME

Bad or Good Day When Writers
Will Tell Their Own Tales

PHOTOGRAPHED SOUND

The House of Commons was told a week or two ago that the blind are soon to be provided with a machine which reads aloud to them in their own homes.

Here one of our scientific contributors looks forward to the day when the talking book will come for all of us.

Although it appears unbelievable until we look into things, it is a fact that books and newspapers which talk, or which *read themselves aloud* to us, are about to appear, and that such things are just an orderly sequence to the gramophone and the talking picture!

All the things necessary for making a book or a newspaper read itself aloud are already in existence, and have been applied to other things.

The Sound Track

We know, for instance, that the electric waves produced when we talk into a microphone can be photographed as a strip of lines on the edge of a talking film. This is called the sound track, and is only one-tenth of an inch wide.

The talking book will probably be built up of transparent non-flammable celluloid pages, each carrying a number of such tracks, perhaps twenty or thirty to the page, running from top to bottom instead of from left to right as in the case of ordinary type.

When a talking film is projected the part of the film on which the actual picture is printed is thrown on to the screen in the same way as a magic-lantern slide. But the edge strip on which the sound photograph appears goes through a second little lantern, and a narrow beam of light is projected through it upon a photo-cell.

The Magical Photo-Cell

So the sound photographs, as they race past the lamp, cause little flickerings of light to fall upon the photo-cell. The photo-cell has the almost magic property of turning light into electricity, and so it turns these flickers into currents that make the loud-speaker repeat the original sounds with amazing fidelity.

To come back to the talking book, we can see that the lines of photographed sound have only to be traced, one after another, over an electric lamp so that the rays, after passing through them, fall upon a photo-cell. The photo-cell will operate the telephones or the loud-speaker, and as we lie back in an easy chair the book will read itself to us.

True, the book will have to have its pages opened, moved to and fro, and turned over. But how much more complicated is this than the present-day gramophone which plays a dozen double-side records and turns them over and changes them entirely by itself, without human aid?

A Stereotyped Voice

The book-reading machine is destined to become as simple as the gramophone, and as it becomes universally employed its price will come within the reach of almost everybody.

Authors will be able to tell their own stories, so that we hear them reading to us the books that they have written, or the conversations in a story will be recorded in different voices, so that we shall hear the dialogue in a vastly more convincing form.

One can imagine a book of Shakespeare's plays reading itself to us with the voices of the famous actors who have played the different parts.

But the talking book will lead to yet another thing—a stereotyped voice. When the type is set for a book each page is reproduced in stereotype, a mould being made of the type into which "stereometal" can be cast. The original type can then be broken up for

A HAPPY TRAVELLER THROUGH THE WORLD

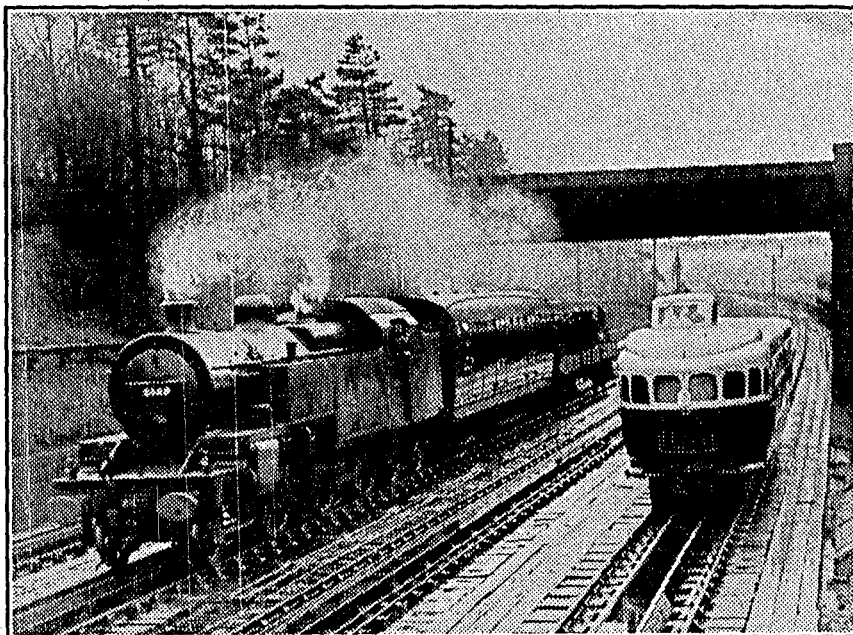
EVEN the most economical housing scheme has not yet offered rooms at a penny a week, but this is what the Vicar of Midhurst in Sussex did.

Mr Frank Tatchell was vicar from 1906. He found the old vicarage much too big for his needs, and so turned some of it into apartments for old folk at a penny a week. His garden was open to everyone, and the vicarage bell was never rung in vain by those in want. One Christmas he gave away boots to tramps, and these must have been sorely needed, for men came from as

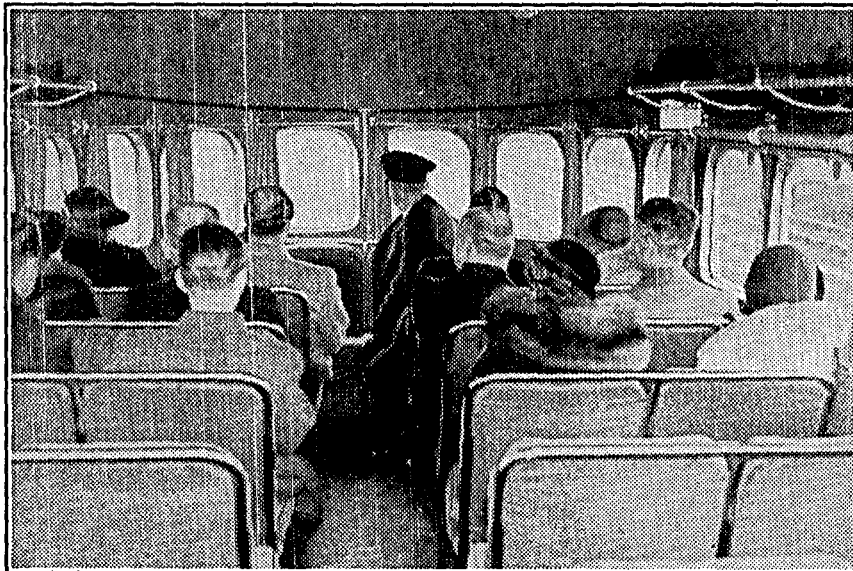
far away as Liverpool to get a pair. He gave the unemployed the use of one of his rooms. Once he gave a party of teachers a holiday on the Continent.

Mr Tatchell travelled four times round the world and visited Japan seven times. He wrote a book called *The Happy Traveller*, and we think all his journey through life must have been happy, for he was always giving; no one will ever know how much he gave. His sermons were short, but his memory will be long, more treasured than that of many men more eloquent with words.

A MOTOR-COACH ON THE RAILWAY



On the right is the petrol-driven pneumatic-tyred railcar which has been tested on the L.M.S. The conning-tower enables the driver to see ahead when driving in either direction.



The coach, which holds 56 passengers, has windows at one end giving a splendid view. It glides along noiselessly on its pneumatic tyres. See page 11.

Continued from the previous column

use again, while the pages remain as stereotypes. Any number of stereotypes can of course be cast from the one mould.

Now imagine that a study of the sounds of a word—"children," for example—is made from photographic records taken of several well-known and cultured voices saying the word. From such a study it will be possible to produce a sort of photographic average, from which an artificial standard can be made.

We shall be able to make stereotypes of the sounds or words, and build up from them a page of a story with photographic type.

Only recently a famous talking-picture physicist showed in London how, from our present knowledge of what sounds look like when photographed, it is possible to draw or paint a man-made picture of the little mountain peaks upon a strip of celluloid, so that when this picture is run through the kinematograph projector actual sounds of a human voice are manufactured.

We can thus already build up a human voice by drawing a design in black and white and converting it into sound with the talking-picture apparatus.

It needs only a small stretch of the imagination to see that the talking book (which is already possible) will be followed by similar books in which a reader will not be obliged to speak the story first, in order that a photograph of the sounds can be made.

The author's story will be set up in a kind of type which, blended together, produces a record of synthetic speech; and we may well imagine, before many years have passed, a sort of linotype machine or typewriter which, on the tapping of its keys, will give a record that will reproduce the words when passed through the photo-cell device.

The talking book or the talking newspaper can, of course, never replace the printed book, any more than wireless and talking pictures have replaced the theatre; but it is a development of photography that we shall see very soon.

THE NEW CRUELTY OF THE SEA

Who Cares?

TRAGIC PLIGHT OF OUR BEAUTIFUL BIRDS

We give this picture of the plight of birds at sea in these days from a letter which has appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*.

On Sunday morning I walked over the hill and approached the little sandy bay by the narrow path under the woods.

The tide was coming in and a great bunch of seaweed and jetsam occupied the centre of the bathing beach. In its shelter something moved. I walked up and found a razorbill standing. His wings and tail were covered with a thick, tarry oil and he could neither fly nor swim. There was at least a score of birds in similar plight: razorbills and guillemots, trying to clean themselves from their fatal envelopes of oil.

What should be done? Is it better to put them out of their misery, or just leave them to die of starvation?

A little auk floated on the calmer water of the sheltered cove, and my glasses showed he was in the same plight. Here was a score of birds on half a mile of coast. How many thousands are being done to death by the refuse from oil-burning ships! H. S. F.

Something Must Be Done

The boys on the beaches at Shoreham, Lancing, Bognor Regis, and elsewhere have banded themselves together to do something for the seagulls, cleansing them from the drifting oil which clogs their lovely wings.

Had they been in Geneva a while ago they might have listened to the men of six countries talking about this same oil in different parts of the world. They would have heard how it drifts to the coasts of Japan and spoils the shellfish there and the seaweed that is widely cultivated for food; how in the Italian harbours there is danger to the ships from fire; and how the gay crowds on the French beaches find that it spoils all the pleasure of bathing.

An international conference on the subject was held at Washington in 1926, but nothing came of it, and the British Government has brought the matter before the League.

ASHANTI'S BOADICEA

The Old Woman Tired of War

We were speaking the other day of the Golden Stool of Ashanti, but in *The Times* Colonel Hingley tells us about Queen Ashantuah, whose fierceness was the main cause of the Ashanti War.

He was Chief Staff Officer of the Ashanti Field Force under Sir James Willcocks in 1900, and he and another officer were sent to receive the surrender of the queen, a desperate old lady over 70 who had been the terror of the Gold Coast. She was hard to handle.

They took from her the symbol of royalty, a string of remarkable native beads, and at the same time they took the stool from her retinue.

Until her departure into exile Colonel Hingley called on her twice a day, and he thinks he softened her just a little, for she became friendly and even chatty.

In September 1900 the brave old queen had sent a message to General Willcocks which ran: "You will find my army at Obasu; come out and fight it out; then this war can end; I am tired of it." The result was the Battle of Obasu; the gallant enemy was finally defeated, and she kept her word. Not one shot was fired again.

So ended the reign of a wonderful old queen, a reign of blood spilt in the name of that patriotism which is not enough.

THE CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR

A 250-YEARS STORY

Ludwig Holberg of Norway and What He Did For Denmark

A MAN OF GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

This is the 250th year of a man who founded a nation's literature and gave marriage outfits to its poor girls.

Both Norway and Denmark have been celebrating the 250th birthday of Ludwig Holberg, the great Scandinavian dramatist of the 17th century who has been called the Father of Danish literature because he lived, wrote, and died in Denmark, though he was born in Norway.

Holberg's fame rests on his satirical comedies, which, though on the surface strongly reminiscent of Molière, bear the unmistakable hall-mark of genius and so mirror the qualities of the Danish people that they could not have sprung from any other soil than Denmark's.

His Uphill Task

As so often happens, Holberg himself attached little importance to the work for which posterity was to cherish him. He looked on himself as one whose real mission lay in educating his own people, in bringing to it the treasures of culture and learning from other lands, and familiarising it with the currents of modern thought of the day.

Eminently fitted for this (for he had read and travelled more widely than anyone in the Denmark of his century) he had nevertheless the uphill task of all pioneers, and was through a long course of years subjected to virulent attacks; yet he went his chosen way, laying the foundations of the intellectual life of his adopted country, writing the first Danish history of the world as well as fiction and poetry.

Delightful Comedies

It was only by accident that he took to writing comedies. Up till that time Denmark had no national drama, but the idea of a national stage began to take shape, and Holberg was approached "by certain highly-placed personages who could not be gainsaid" with the request that he should write plays for it. He consented, and within three years wrote 26 delightful comedies in which the Danish people have ever since recognised their own most intimate traits amusingly caricatured.

If Holberg's eyes were quicker to see faults and defects than virtues, he had in compensation an exquisite sense of humour which never failed to discover the comic side of things, even where his own person was concerned. A man of few friends and no domestic ties, his life could not have been but a lonely one, yet he must have had a soft spot in his heart, for when he died, a crusty old bachelor of 80, it was found that he had left a fund for providing impecunious young girls with a marriage outfit.

LINCOLN'S TREASURE

Lincoln has just held a big meeting, attended by all the most important people of the city and county, and it concerned a builder's workshop.

What, these important people asked anxiously, was to be the fate of this workshop? They decided to try to raise £2500 to buy it.

This workshop is said to be more complete than any other secular Norman building in the country. It possesses more Norman stonework than the Norman part of Lincoln Cathedral. Hardly anyone has meddled with its perfection since it was built at the end of the eleventh century, or the beginning of the twelfth. The workshop was once the hall of the Guild of St Mary, of which Henry the Third was a brother, and it is high time that its career as a workshop should cease.

TRUTH WILL OUT

Jacobite Plot Revealed After 240 Years

LETTERS HIDDEN IN A WALL

Truth will out. It is 240 years since certain Lancashire men were sent to prison for swearing falsely that arms were being secretly taken to Standish Hall and Wroughton Hall. They were sent to prison for perjury, but at last we know that they were innocent.

It was in 1694. Rumour said there was a conspiracy to bring back James the Second from exile and make him king once more; and rumour said that the headquarters of this Jacobite plot was Standish Hall, with Colonel John Parker at its head.

Several well-known Lancashire men were brought to trial on a charge of high treason. They stood their trial in Manchester, and were acquitted. Somehow they managed to convince the judge and jury that the men who had heard and seen mysterious goods going to Standish Hall and Wroughton Hall were merely gossips and liars, so these wretched witnesses were found guilty of perjury; and when they left the horrible prisons of the 17th century it

100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel

With the Poster Stamps given with this week's C.N. readers are now able to fill in twelve of the forty spaces in The Book of the Southern Railway, the splendid album which was given with the issue dated February 23.

PLEASE show the album to your friends so that they may start to make the collection. Newsagents will be able to obtain for them the back numbers dated February 23 and March 2. Tell your friends, too, about the novel Mapping Test, of which full particulars are given in the album, and the prizes totalling 100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel.

ENTRIES may be sent in now or when the stamp collection is complete. The section dealing with the Mapping Test forms a special supplement that can be removed without damaging the album.

FOUR more stamps will be given with next week's C.N. Please order your copy today.

Now please turn to page 15 for an announcement of a book offer of special interest to all readers.

was only to return to a world which must have looked on them with horror and contempt. Had not their lies brought neighbours' necks near to the block? They lived with sore hearts and tarnished honour.

The other day a bundle of old letters was found hidden in a wall at Standish Hall and was taken to Mr. T. C. Porteous because he loves and understands the past. They were rather hard to read, but Mr. Porteous managed to make them out, and they made most exciting reading. He has just told the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society their story.

The letters prove that there was, after all, a Jacobite plot with its headquarters at Standish Hall. There the evidence had lain hidden all these years. Probably the men who were believed to be false witnesses were ploughing and digging within half a mile of the hidden packet which would have cleared their names.

Too late for them, but not too late for history, we know the truth.

AN IDEA GOING WRONG

Is Building Astray?

BLOCKS OR COTTAGES?

Mr Barry Parker of Letchworth Garden City joins with us in deprecating the encouragement of flats for workers.

The building of more houses and still more houses is a great idea, but there is great danger of the idea going wrong. Why, asks Mr Barry Parker, should we accept the spur given to the building of tenements in preference to the building of cottages in the Housing Bill when the tendency among manufacturers today is not to build their works within the towns but to move out of towns? The chief drawback to manufacturers doing this is the lack of small dwellings outside the towns.

When tenements are built on central city sites the increased land values go to landowners, and the greater part of any subsidy goes to landowners. When slums are demolished and workmen's cottages are built outside the towns this leaves more land inside the towns available for other purposes, and therefore lowers land values in the towns.

Other important considerations are the increase in traffic difficulties, congestion of population, and danger resulting from the building of city tenements.

With developed land at anything up to £3000 an acre, 12 cottages to the acre cost less than 40 tenement dwellings to the acre, yet local authorities are given greater encouragement to build tenements than to build cottages.

WHY LESS COAL IS USED

Efficiency as a Cause

The President of the Mining Engineers has said that less coal is used because of industrial efficiency.

In 1920 we had 42,388,000 people and there were 180,720,000 tons of coal available for home consumption. In 1933, when the population was 44,900,000, the consumption figure declined to 148,370,000 tons, in spite of the erection of many houses requiring light and heat.

It might be estimated that 15,000,000 tons of the fall was due to depression, leaving the rest of the reduction to be explained by increasing efficiency in fuel operation and power and heat supply. Increased efficiency in the use of modern boilers has saved much coal.

The electrical industry is an increasing user of coal, consuming 7,395,000 tons in 1924, in 1930 8,868,000 tons, and in 1933 10,330,000; but the increasing use of electricity leads to a considerable displacement of raw coal.

Efficiency in the iron and steel industry has resulted in nearly halving the coal used in 1920, and so with the gas industry.

Another point is that oil has displaced coal, not only in marine and land engines, but in the heating of big buildings.

THE SHARK'S TOOTH IN THE ROCK

How Did It Get There?

That is a question for the scientists when they read this little news item from New Zealand:

While workmen were breaking up limestone rock for road metal in Raglan County they discovered an almost perfectly preserved shark's tooth in a piece of the rock. The tooth was about an inch long, and the quarry where it was found is two miles from the west coast of New Zealand and about 500 feet above sea-level.

Scientists consider that the islands we now call New Zealand have been raised above the sea and submerged under the sea during untold ages. No doubt the rock in which this shark's tooth was found was at one time on the bed of the ocean; then perhaps a great earthquake raised the land hundreds of feet.

YOUNG BIRMINGHAM

2000 Boys and Girls and Their Show

FRIENDLINESS RATHER THAN FRIGHTFULNESS

Two thousand boys and girls have done a remarkable thing in Birmingham.

They have given that great city a geography lesson, something to make every citizen of Birmingham realise that he is a citizen of the world also.

They organised an International Exhibition which filled Birmingham's historic town hall for two days and attracted thousands of visitors.

Thirty-one nations were represented in hundreds of interesting ways. There were models of villages in India and other parts of the world, charts which told how various countries spend their money, posters and pictures of scenes and scenery in other lands, and tableaux depicting how other people work and dress and spend their leisure. In these and other ways some of the exhibitors were able to draw upon their experience in cruises of recent years.

There were maps ingeniously illuminated by electricity, displays of raw materials and hand-made articles from a number of countries, and photographs of famous national buildings and works of art.

The Great Lesson

And after seeing all these things the visitor could watch the folk-dances of eight European countries, listen to the folk-songs of France, Denmark, Austria, and Norway, or attend lectures, given by the scholars themselves, on France, Africa, South America, Denmark, Norway, and the Balkans.

Schools at Wolverhampton, Smethwick, Sutton Coldfield, Halesowen, Bilston, and Solihull joined with the Birmingham schools, each school adopting a particular country. They are all members of the Birmingham Junior Council of League of Nations Societies in secondary and technical schools, and the Principal of Birmingham University, Sir Charles Grant Robertson, is their president. They did everything splendidly, even to providing the orchestra and serving visitors with refreshments, and added one more to the many good things that stand to Birmingham's credit. They sold over ten thousand tickets.

It did not surprise one, after seeing this wonderful exhibition, to learn that the popularity of training for war in O.T.C.s has greatly declined in the secondary schools of the Birmingham district. The great lesson of the exhibition was that there is an enthusiasm for friendliness rather than frightfulness, and we commend that enthusiasm to all whom it may concern.

MUSSOLINI THE GREAT

His 80-foot Right Arm

Signor Mussolini in bronze is to tower above Rome as no dictator has ever done before.

His gigantic figure, higher than the Nelson Column, is to stand on a hill, with arm upraised in the Fascist salute, above a Mussolini head as big as a house. The dome of St Peter's, rising 435 feet on the other side of the Eternal City, will only just be able to compete with it.

Everything about it speaks of its size. The bronze feet are 28 feet long, the saluting arm is 80 feet, and when the statue strides the hill of Monte Mario, which has been specially strengthened with concrete to bear the weight, there will be nothing in the world to compare with it. The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour will be easily left behind by the Fascist Colossus.

Another two years must pass before the world will be invited to look on this marvel and pay its respects to an inflexible Mussolini in shining bronze with a lion's skin about his shoulders.

GERMAN IDEA FOR THE FLYING-MAN

A GREAT INVENTION

The Pilot Who Will Straddle the Invisible Beam

CONQUEST OF FOG

The last enemy the aeroplane has to conquer is fog.

A pilot can take off in fog and fly in it, but he must have clear visibility about the aerodrome where he wishes to land. Clear visibility can never be guaranteed, but a new German invention will give him a wireless substitute. All he will need will be a special wireless reception apparatus weighing about 20 pounds and carried on his plane. This will give him, by wireless signals, as clear a vision of the aerodrome as if he could see it and in some ways clearer.

Direction and Descent

Imagine a picture of the aerodrome as it might be seen if there were no fog to hide it. A wireless transmitter sends out a horizontal beam which we may draw as a line running from end to end of the aerodrome where it is longest. It is along this line that an approaching aeroplane will do best to land, because it will then have the longest free run.

When an aeroplane is approaching, the pilot hears a continuous note in his earphones, and knows that he is right on the beam. If to the right of it he hears a series of dots, if to the left a series of dashes.

So much for direction; now as to angle of descent. In the middle of the aerodrome is another transmitter sending out beams in the same direction as the horizontal one but pointing them upward at various angles. The pilot, having found first the horizontal beam for general direction, begins presently to come on one or other of the upward pointing beams. He selects from them one most suited to the gliding angle of his plane and slips down it to the ground.

The Magic Box

When he hits one of these gliding beams he is told by a neon light springing up in his magic box accompanied by a sound. He keeps on his own particular beam by pointers which tell him at once if he is a foot too high or too low.

The beam down which he glides flattens out when near the ground, so that the pilot flying along it by means of his pointer flattens out also, and makes a happy landing without anxiety.

Only fairies can straddle a sunbeam, but the airman will do better—he will straddle a beam that is invisible.

THE FLYING ROBOT

Cleverest Automatic Control Yet

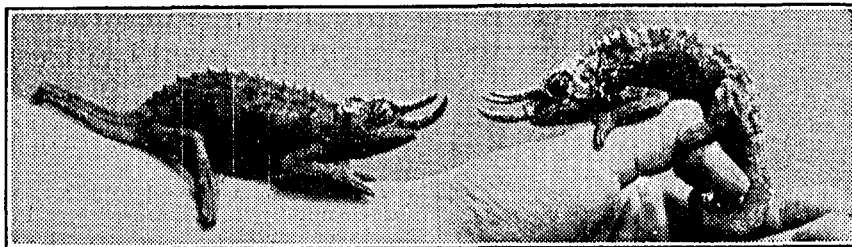
Aeroplanes can fly themselves without a pilot by means of a wonderfully clever robot known as the Autopilot, an invention of the firm of Siemens in Berlin.

Many kinds of automatic controls have been already invented, but the Autopilot is probably unique in the completeness of its powers.

A tele-compass mounted in the back of the fuselage automatically controls the rudder and thus steers a set course, and by means of a special device this course can be made curved and not necessarily in a straight line. The aeroplane is made to rise or descend by an impulse from a pitot tube, while banking is controlled by a pendulum acting upon the ailerons.

Some idea of the amazing powers of this robot may be gathered from the fact that it can control the course to within a couple of degrees, the speed within two miles an hour, and the altitude to one point of the barometer.

A LONDON ZOO PORTRAIT GALLERY



A pair of horned chameleons just arrived at the London Zoo from Kenya



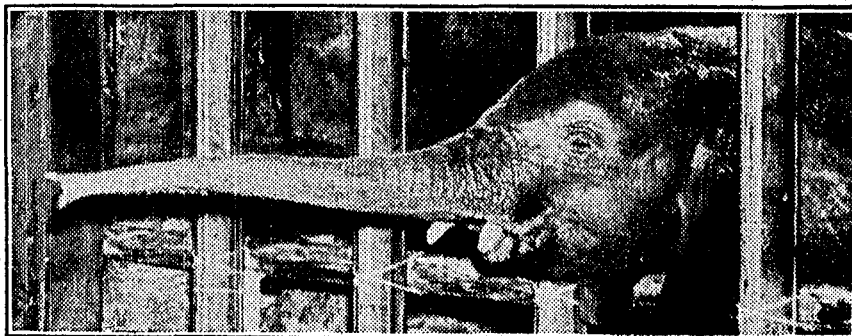
Bruin, the bear



Reynard, the fox



Noel, the baby camel



The baby elephant stretches out his trunk in the hope of getting a bun

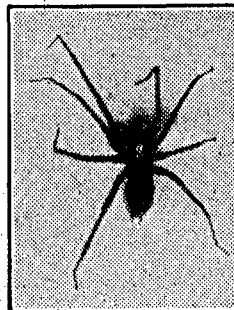
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



Bees on sunny days may be seen round the opening of the flowers



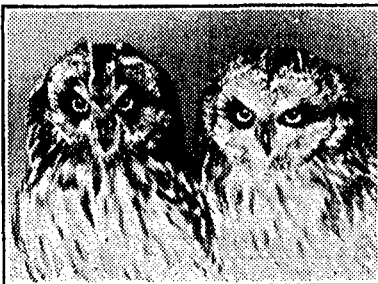
The fieldfare, a winter thrush that is sometimes mistaken for the mistle thrush, is seen in the open



The house-spider is beginning to emerge from its web in some quiet corner



Grass snakes are waking and may be seen on sunny days



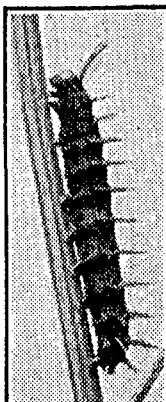
Short-eared owls are beginning to return to their nesting haunts on the northern moors and marshes



The little wheatear is one of the earliest migrants in England



Pollen from the staminate willow catkins is already being scattered by the wind



Larvae of silver-washed fritillaries are seen



The little red seed flowers of the larch look like jewels among the fresh green leaves

A CRY FROM THE NORTH

CALL FOR NURSERY SCHOOLS

The Need of the Children in Distressed Tyneside

SOUTH'S DEBT TO THE NORTH

A touching appeal for aid for the Nursery Schools of Tyneside is made by a group of influential people, who tell us that Lloyds Bank, of High Shields, Durham, will receive subscriptions.

This is what is said of a district which has added so much to British fame:

After the first year of life many young children have to bear a heavy burden of neglect associated with bad housing, poverty, and unhygienic surroundings.

Often there is very, very limited space, no safe place to play, no chance of regular, quiet sleep. Food is neither suitable nor sufficient in quantity, clothing and footwear are inadequate.

It is not the parents' fault; most of them make heroic efforts for the sake of the children. The open-air nursery gives space, fresh air, and sunshine, correct food, and times of sleep. It trains the children in good personal habits and in social relationships and responsibilities. The effects of a nursery school upon children from overcrowded areas are almost magical.

Something to Remember

This of an area known throughout the world as a source of British wealth! Who does not know the proverb about the folly of "taking coals to Newcastle"? What foreign student has not heard of the Tyne? How many splendid ships and engines have been built there, and what fine cargoes of matchless coal sent to places abroad!

While the Tyne had wealth the houses of Tyneside exhibited no signs of it. Now, with coal no longer pre-eminent, the area is depressed, distressed, and labelled "special" in an Act of Parliament offering small relief. Here foreigners once came to learn; here now is misery so unregarded by the nation as a whole that its people are treated as foreigners by their own brethren.

It has, alas! to be truly reported from a certain agricultural county in the South that farmers have met to denounce a project to settle some hundreds of distressed Tyneside families on parcels of land in their county!

Tyneside may today be a distressed area, but we do well to remember that the modern wealth of England was created in the North, and that the South is indebted to the hardy northern workers who now find themselves unable to help each other.

TRIUMPHS OF THE TELEPHONE

Wonderful developments of the telephone service may be expected in 1935.

One is a talking clock, which on being rung up will tell us the exact time by means of a gramophone record. We are more used to hearing the time by means of pips, and these will now replace the operator's voice at the end of a three-minute call.

A more human note will be found in the information bureaux which will be opened in many additional towns. They will tell us about Post Office services, and will receive messages to be telephoned to other subscribers later.

During the year 50 exchanges will be converted to automatic working, and 150 automatic exchanges will be built in country districts.

Important research is still going on, and it is expected that before long one wire will be available for as many as nine conversations at once.

About 3000 goldfish have been killed at Fort Gardens, Gravesend, by salt water from the Thames.

THE WAR TRADE PRIVATE MAKING AND SELLING OF ARMS

Royal Commission To Go Into the Whole Question

WHY IT MUST BE DONE

The urgent question of the private trade in arms is to be investigated by a Royal Commission.

The names of the Commissioners and the matters they are to consider and report upon have been announced by the Prime Minister. The inquiry promises to be as thorough as that being undertaken by the Senators of America, and we hope the members will be as energetic in bringing to light the facts as Senator Nye and his colleagues have been.

The Three Main Subjects

The Prime Minister has promised the Commission full support and also the power to administer the oath to witnesses should they find it necessary.

The three main subjects for consideration (or the terms of reference) are:

Is it practicable and desirable for this country, either alone or in association with other countries, to prohibit private manufacture and trade in arms and to substitute a State monopoly?

What can usefully be done to remove or reduce those objections to which the League Covenant states private manufacture to be open?

Should any change be made in our present methods of controlling the export of arms?

The seven members of the Commission are:

Sir John Bankes, a famous Judge.

Sir Thomas Allen, a leader in the Cooperative movement.

Dame Rachel Crowdy, formerly chief of the Opium Traffic Section of the League.

Sir Philip Gibbs, most human of all our war correspondents.

Professor H. C. Gutteridge, an expert on International Law.

Sir Kenneth Lee, a textile manufacturer.

Mr J. A. Spender, editor and publicist.

Care was taken not to include in the Commission any who had expressed strong views on the arms problem.

A Five-Fold Indictment

The need for an Armament Inquiry is clear from the report of a League Commission in 1921, which declared that Armament firms have done these things:

1. Attempted to bribe Government officials both at home and abroad.

2. Disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programmes of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure.

3. Have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries.

4. Have organised international armament rings through which the armament race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another.

5. Organised international armament trusts which have increased the price of armaments sold to Governments.

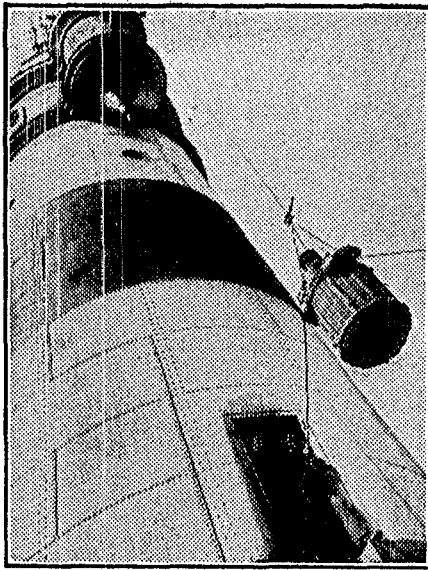
DRAMATIC TEST ON A SHIP

Twenty gallons of petrol were splashed over the walls, floor, and fittings of one of the passenger cabins in the liner Queen Mary the other day, and then a light was applied.

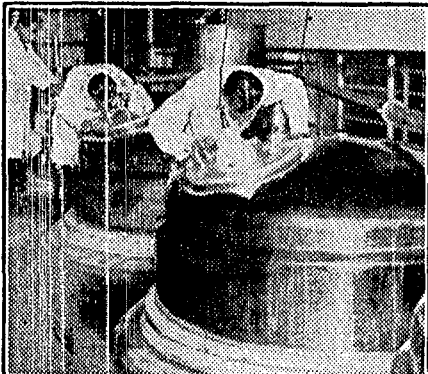
The fire blazed furiously, but only the petrol was consumed. None of the woodwork and fittings was touched save for a slight scorching, for they had been chemically treated and coated with fireproof paint.

The test fully justified the decision of the owners a few months ago when, after a disaster to an American liner, they cancelled the original order and substituted one in which all the cabins of the new liner were to be as fireproof as modern science could make them.

NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



This is how the lighthouse-keepers are relieved at the end of their term of duty in the Red Sand lighthouse which stands on a North Sea rock five hours journey from Bremerhaven



These men are looking into tanks containing milk which is undergoing the pasteurisation process at a new milk depot at Shepherd's Bush



Parachute-jumping is a popular sport in Russia, where young people are encouraged to descend from planes in this manner. Here we see the beginning of a jump over Moscow



A native of Western Sudan drawing supplies from a hollowed-out tebeli tree in which water is stored during the rainy season

THANK YOU, MRS F. News From an Unemployed Centre

Mrs F lost her handbag a few weeks ago—in fact, the bag was stolen, and everyone who heard about it agreed that it was a great shame.

For the bag vanished from a Centre for Unemployed Men where Mrs F. is caretaker and perhaps the busiest worker of all. Every day and all day she spends herself in the service of the organisation.

She brings up the cups of tea from the canteen for voluntary workers who come at all hours of afternoon and evening; she it is who can tell these strangers where things are kept; she helps to pack up toys and clothes for the children. While others come and go she carries steadily on, never too flustered, always ready to take a joke. No one who knew her, and knew how ill she could afford to buy another bag, could have taken anything of hers.

Then the men of the Centre had a party. The memorable moment of the evening came after tea, and was a surprise to the organisers. Mrs F. was called for and presented with a new bag. These unemployed men, out of their very little money, had collected 13s 6d among themselves to say this richly deserved but unexpected Thank-you to Mrs F.

FLYING PIG AND B.B.C.

While London sleeps the Flying Pig is on its way to town.

It is the goods train bringing pork from Exeter to market, and is one of several messengers of good fare with affectionate nicknames bestowed on them by the railwaymen of the Great Western. The Pasty comes all the way from Cornwall, the Delectable Duchy. This train is a special. The more legitimate potato bearer is the Spud, which brings Sir Walter Raleigh's old gift from Cardiff.

The Farmer's Boy travels from Bristol to Birkenhead, the Sparrowgrass takes asparagus from Worcester to Crewe, the Rasher carries bacon between Swindon and Tavistock.

The Sauce comes from Worcester, and where could the Carpet start from but from Kidderminster? But some are real conundrums. What is the B.B.C.? It joins up Basingstoke, Birmingham, and Crewe. The Mopper Up is another problem; it is named because it collects the loose traffic between Paddington and Bristol. The Grocer, the Pip, and the Ironmonger leave us guessing, and few would hit on the origin of the name of the Pink Streak Flyer. It is the train bringing tons of early forced rhubarb from Yorkshire to King's Cross.

THE PLAGUE OF THE ROAD

A Minority With the Lust of Speed

By the Bishop of Winchester

One of the best ways of reducing mortality on the roads would be to inflict heavier penalties on those who drive swiftly and recklessly. The majority of motorists are skilful and careful drivers; the nightmare of the roads is due to a small minority who think only of themselves, are filled with the lust of speed, and care nothing about the safety and comfort of others.

HERE BEFORE THE SAXON Our Friend the Badger

By Mr Baldwin

Those of us who had the privilege of being brought up in the country do not grudge it the little animals, and we do not want to see them exterminated. I would say a word for the badger. He was here before the Normans and the Saxons, and I hope he will survive us, and be here long after this country has ceased to be industrial.

A STONE FROM THE ABBEY In a Wall Across the World

Probably one of the most impressive ceremonies during the recent celebrations of the centenary of the State of Victoria occurred at St Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne.

There at a service Canon Berry presented a piece of stone from Westminster Abbey, with a greeting sealed by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, saying:

I am charged to bring you this token of our regard from the Abbey of Edward the Confessor, the church which has been for nearly 1000 years a standing witness to the consecration of national life nurtured by Christianity.

We beg that you will do us the honour of allowing it to be built into your wall as a memorial of this century, as a witness of that closest bond which unites our peoples—deeper than blood, more binding than language, even more ancient and intimate than our common allegiance to the throne: our essential unity in the faith of Christ.

This stone is to be built into the wall, and the cathedral of a city just a hundred years old will thus hold a relic that has seen the pageant of English history.

HERR HITLER'S CONCENTRATION CAMP

This One is Splendid

Herr Adolf has given a hint on the right way to deal with late theatre-comers.

At a new German theatre the late-comers no longer tread on the toes and bump against the knees of people who have come in time; they are shepherded into a special box, already known as the Isolation Camp, to await the end of the First Act.

It is not too comfortable in the box. There are no seats, and the view of the stage is poor because the box is set at the side of the theatre and rather far back. While waiting, the crowd inside it, rubbing shoulders against one another, may reflect, in the words of a song in The Mikado, that they are among the nuisances who never will be missed.

HIS MOTHER KEEPS HIS MEDALS

One was the Albert Medal the King awarded for the bravery of the mother's dead son, Henry Hartley Wadsworth, engineer in the steamer City of Cairo, Liverpool; the other was the invisible medal of the King's words when he gave the first to Mrs Wadsworth. He told her it was a very noble and wonderful deed.

The King had heard what the official record told. A boiler-room explosion on the steamer had imprisoned some Lascars in the stokehold, and the young officer who went down into the steam-filled inferno knew the risk he ran of death in trying to save them. He died in his attempt, and to his mother is left the mournful pride of these tributes to him.

ANOTHER THREE

Still another Little Entente is coming to the fore: the Baltic States of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

These three have been making their voices heard at Geneva. They are not quite happy that they are sufficiently represented at the League, and each one has sent a letter pointing this out.

None of the three has any representatives on any of the permanent committees, and this courteous letter points this out and adds that the political importance of the group was considerably increased when the Treaty of Agreement and Cooperation between the three was concluded last September.

THE APPROACH OF JUPITER

A BRILLIANT PLANET

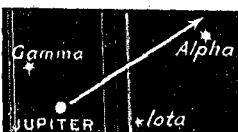
How a Star's Energy May Be Used By Man

GOLDEN ARCTURUS

By the G.N. Astronomer

The planet Jupiter, which has for three months been such a brilliant object in the south-east sky before daybreak, now rises a few minutes before midnight; and, as he rises about half an hour earlier each week, he will soon be visible in the late evening, appearing low down in the south-east and unmistakable.

Like Mars, Jupiter is following a retrograde path, as indicated in the accompanying star-map, his course being toward the third-magnitude star Alpha in Libra. This he will almost reach by the middle of June; and during these three months will travel over about ten degrees, that is about twenty times the Moon's apparent width.



Present position of Jupiter and his path among the stars of Libra during the next three months shown by the arrow

It will be of interest to note Jupiter's progress and compare his growing brilliance with that of Mars, which after April will be on the wane. These two worlds will appear to approach one another during the coming months, though it will not be until August 27 next that they will reach conjunction and appear almost to meet. Meanwhile Jupiter continues to come nearer to us; at present he is about 285 million miles away and very appreciably brighter than Mars, which, notwithstanding its being much nearer and but 70 million miles distant, is nearly a magnitude fainter than Jupiter.

This is due chiefly to the fact that Jupiter's diameter is about twenty times greater than that of Mars, which amounts to only 4200 miles. Even as observed through a telescope the apparent width of Jupiter at the present time amounts to 37 seconds of arc as compared with but 13 seconds of Mars; this is why Mars is so disappointing to possessors of small astronomical telescopes.

When looking for Jupiter just now the golden Arcturus must not be mistaken for him. This brilliant star rises long before him in the north-east and may be seen far to the left of Jupiter at a much higher altitude.

Arcturus has the distinction of being the first star whose energy has been used in the service of man, for in the year 1933 its light, which had been about 41 years getting to the Earth, was used to open the Great Exhibition of Chicago. This was done by means of a photo-electric photometer after a much greater quantity of the star's light had been grasped by the 40-inch lens of the immense Yerkes telescope at Chicago than is possible by the tiny lens of the human eye.

A Mysterious Problem

Arcturus was one of the first suns to be measured by the interferometer, and thus we know it to possess a diameter of about 23,380,000 miles, that is about 27 times wider than our Sun. But Arcturus is some 2,600,000 times farther away and so presents to us no perceptible disc; therefore the above mechanical means had to be used to collect and amplify as much as possible of the energy of that colossal sun that reached the Earth.

In any case only an exceedingly minute fraction of the star's radiant energy alights on our tiny world, and one of the most mysterious problems at present facing astronomers is, Where does the rest go to? While a certain proportion will reach the other worlds and suns of space, an immense residue remains unaccounted for. G. F. M.

THE SILENT TRAIN

Flitting Past Like a Shadow

FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE L.M.S.

A Silent Train running on pneumatic tyres has made its first appearance on the L.M.S.

It flits along like a shadow at 60 miles an hour and its rubber tyres are the explanation of its noiselessness. It is a gigantic motor-car, petrol driven, streamlined, and pneumatic-tyred, running on the rails of the permanent way; and it is at the moment one of the most remarkable locomotives ever seen on a British railway.

In France pneumatic-tyred cars for railways have been in use for years, and this one is of French manufacture; but if it fulfils all expectations it will be followed by many British-made companions. It has 16 tyres, each with a solid base, and a warning device to sound a hooter in the driver's cabin if a tyre punctures. Flanges like those on ordinary steel wheels give a grip of the steel rails.

A 12-cylinder petrol engine drives it, it is geared to four speeds, and it can run as easily in one direction as in another. Its first trials were very satisfactory. It covered the 40 miles from Leighton Buzzard to Euston in 42 minutes, and its brakes were powerful enough to bring it to a standstill in ten seconds when travelling a mile a minute.

Pictures on page 7

THE BLIND MAN'S PONY

A Peep at Everyday Life

Blind Charlie Peploe, his pony, and his piano-organ are well known to the people of South London.

After what happened to them at Raynes Park when a car crashed into the organ they will be still better known, for, though the organ is no more, Charlie emerged from the disaster like a hero.

The collision made matchwood of the organ and the pony's hind leg was trapped in the ruin. Blind Charlie's first thought was for his poor dumb helper. Though he had no eyes to see he had hands to feel, and as the pony struggled and kicked he ran his hands over her, calmed her, and while passers-by held her head, he first got her clear and then ran her up and down the road to see if she were all right.

It was his own pony, his helper and supporter, and, we should guess, his faithful friend. But the organ, a supporter still more dumb, was also his own and is past mending. Pony and organ had to support Charlie, his wife, and his old guide and companion Fred, who led the little procession, and we hope somebody will make up to them what they have lost.

CLASSES TOO BIG AND TEACHERS WAITING

London teachers strongly express the view that the cuts in their pay (made in 1931 in the great economy scare) should be fully restored this year.

Despite the fall in the school population there are still in London 444 classes with over 50 children on the roll, and 5810 with between 40 and 50, out of a total of 14,300 classes. Yet there are qualified teachers unemployed.

THE KIND DETECTIVE

By the Man He Arrested

I don't want to embarrass Detective Walton, who arrested me, but he has been extraordinarily kind and considerate to my mother in her illness.

When he came to the house he moved about so quietly that he would have made a doctor noisy by comparison. He also saw that my boots were not fit to wear, and he kindly gave me another pair. Statement at Ealing Police Court

SCHOOL WIRELESS

THIS WEEK'S TALKS

People of Siberia Today and of India Many Centuries Ago

FROGS AND TOADS

Here are notes on some of the interesting talks to be broadcast by the B.B.C. next week on the National Transmitter.

Monday

2.5. The pruning of roses will be the subject of Mr C. H. Middleton's gardening talk. He will discuss the different types of rose—standards, ramblers, weeping standards, dwarf polyanthus, and so on—and the effects of hard pruning, light pruning, and no pruning.

2.30. Professor Eileen Power will tell us something about the people of India between 1 and 1000 A.D. This will include references to the Gupta Empire in the north and the great part played by India in the civilisation of the East.

Tuesday

11.30. We are to hear about the herds-men of the Siberian Steppes from Mr Bosworth Goldman, who has travelled and studied extensively in this part of the world.

2.5. Mr Eric Parker will tell us how and where frogs spend the winter, how, when, and where they breed; how tadpoles grow from frog-spawn, and how they grow into frogs; what becomes of the young frogs every year, and how frogs feed.

Wednesday

2.5. In the Seventeen-Sixties is the title of a talk by Miss Rhoda Power, who will describe the differences made in both rich and poor households by trade with other countries.

2.30. The English Literature broadcast will be in the form of a dramatic reading from John Drinkwater's play Abraham Lincoln.

Thursday

11.30. In the first of a series of talks about the Centre of England Mr T. L. Thomas will describe Warwickshire and Leicestershire—the green meadows and wooded hedgerows, the slow, winding streams and the network of roads, canals, and railways.

2.5. Mr K. C. Boswell is going to tell us how money for government was raised in the time of Baron Rollo, Mr Pepys, and Mr Addleshaw. It is only the Crown through the Government which can ask for money; private members of the Commons can only ask that less money shall be given than has been asked for.

2.30. Professor Winifred Cullis will give the second of four talks on Food. This lesson will deal with the digestive tract and digestion.

Friday

2.5. A journey to the silk district in Japan will be described by Mr A. B. Lowndes, who will talk about a silk-worm farm and how the farmers live on rice and fish in a house without furniture. We shall hear, too, about the weaving of the silk into cloth and how it is bought and sold.

17 MORE GOOD THINGS

Binding The Network of Peace

Seventeen international agreements were registered with the League of Nations in January.

Over 3550 of these registered treaties now form a world network of engagements between nations. Some of the latest batch are concerned with occupations, some with money payments, some with workmen's compensation, and one with the salvage of locomotive torpedoes. One of special interest concerns the cinema; it is the agreement by which films of an educational character may pass from one country to another without the payment of heavy duties.

Here's POCKET PROTECTION



for your THROAT

WHATEVER the weather—fog, sleet, rain or snow—let 'Allenburys' Pastilles protect your throat from irritation and roughness. Deliciously flavoured, they keep the mouth and throat sweet and fresh all day long and all through the winter. Try one of the 8d. tins to-day—they slip easily into pocket or handbag.

Take care of your throat—take

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

From all chemists in 2oz. & 4oz. tins 8d. & 1/3d.

Much better—lasts longer—
KOLYNOS
TOOTH PASTE
Of all Chemists and Stores TRIAL SIZE 6d —UNQUESTIONABLY!



Emblem Assorted Biscuits
Made only by
CARR'S
of CARLISLE

THE GREATEST CENTURY SINCE MAN BEGAN

Many pens are still busy at home and abroad describing the stark and grisly horrors of the Great War. Here we pause to ask ourselves if, after all great as was the catastrophe, the blow did not fall in time to save our liberties from the social and other despotisms of the hundred years of comparative peace which succeeded Waterloo.

Two kinds of revolutions there are in a world like this. The revolution of thought, working through all its complex vehicles of language, is slow. The mind of man moves on by slow degrees. But the material revolution is quick: how swift a change came with steam and electricity and motor-cars and wireless! A man may talk like Socrates for a thousand years and only the few will listen; but let wireless telegraphy come, let a man find an eye that can see his own heart beat, or let an engine come down from the clouds, and the world is all attention, and millions of people at once begin to think.

The material revolution has done in a day what the mental revolution failed to do in a thousand years.

What the War Taught Us

And may it not be that, in the mysterious process of Evolution, there comes into the life of nations something comparable with this? May it not be that the Great War will have its place in the true history of the world as the greatest educator ever known?

It has opened the eyes of the world, it has taught mankind as in a flash what hundreds of years of teaching and preaching have failed to teach.

Who does not see now what a few saw then, that for a generation Europe trod the road to ruin? Civilisation was rushing to the precipice, and nothing but this could save it. It is as if a child should persist, in spite of warning and experience, in walking into the sea, to be driven back on the edge by a dragon leaping forth.

For Europe the dragon leaped from its lair in time. Had it waited much longer, had the military despotisms been so very little stronger, it would have been too late to save our liberties. So the great blow fell in time.

Goodbye To All That

It was not in the eternal scheme of things that evil should overturn the world. Again and again in history the world has been ruled as if by lunatics, men suffocated in slums and forced into barracks as if this beautiful Earth were not for them; but the end of all those things has come, and it has come in time to save the world from a fate more hideous than perishing on the battlefield—the fate of perishing in a peace more horrible than war.

The Great War opened men's eyes to things they would not see, made men listen to things they would not hear; and what the Englishman sees and knows today, as he never would believe before the war, is this—that the callousness of our social system inflicted on our own people a cruelty as ruthless as the cruelty of war.

The Old Social Despotism

It cannot be denied. It took the Great War to open the eyes of our people to the selfishness and incompetence and callousness that were ruining our land. It took the Great War to give our people food enough to eat and money enough to clothe them-

selves. It took the Great War to open the eyes of the nation to the fact that Parliament had been sheltering all these years a social despotism in our midst, with consequences as disastrous and casualties as pitiless as despotism of any other sort.

Look back and what do we see? We see human life cut down like chaff for gain. We see Parliament quail before the profiteer. We see the cultivated land of an island race neglected and destroyed. We see ignorance enthroned in golden halls and science gasping for its life. We see hypocrisy triumphant, evil in high places, and a pulpit afraid or grown cold.

One lesson, if no other, we have learned: we have learned that the indifference of the average man inside a nation may be as pitiless as the cruelty of the foe without, and that its consequences may be worse, for social indifference is not like a war that comes and goes and knits a people in a deeper love—it is prolonged from generation to generation. It is like a cynical religion, and it breaks asunder the elements of strength without which nations perish.

It was the war that made men see. It opened the eyes of millions of people to the bitter facts of life.

Bitterness in Peaceful Days

It is tragically true that those who are young today have not known the world at peace. Nobody who is under thirty has any idea of what the world was like in the days when nations were good neighbours, delighting in each other's friendship and welcoming travellers everywhere.

And yet those who are old, or growing old, look back to those days and wonder now if they have ever known true peace, for the truth is that even in the most peaceful of all countries, the most liberty-loving and the happiest of them all, there was a bitterness in peaceful days painful to think of now.

When the Great War broke out in 1914 it was just a century since the last great European War had ended. Europe had then, in 1815, a noble chance of settling down to be good neighbours; but what did Europe do? We will take the country we know best, our own, and see what that great hundred years of peace was like.

Imagine yourself in England after Waterloo, with twenty years of war at an end and Napoleon doomed. A man with an imagination would be looking forward to the rise of a great and noble nation. He would have seen the coming of ships and trains and the breaking down of the barriers between the peoples. He would have seen this mighty nation spreading freedom to the uttermost bounds of the Earth, and within her borders happiness and peace.

The Greatest Hundred Years

Well, we have seen the end of the Hundred Years, and what have we to say of it? Was peace so very beautiful, after all? It was the greatest Hundred Years since man began. It magnified the powers of man and built up wonder upon wonder; it brought us to the slowly-opening gates of a world that Shakespeare never dreamed of; but, looking back on it, can we say that our country used its Great Peace well?

We cut short the lives of fifteen million children; we brought them into

the world to see the Sun and dropped them in their little graves. We allowed millions of lives, probably at least ten millions, to be destroyed by alcohol, with social miseries in its train with which war cannot compare. We allowed millions of people, probably at least ten millions, to perish of diseases that should never have existed in a civilised land. We allowed an immense army of little children to be done to death in mills, factories, and mines. We allowed private interests to grow up like a millstone round the neck of those who fought to give these islands a happier and healthier and wiser race.

The End of the Journey

We know now the end of that journey upon which this country set out with such high hopes, such pride and power, after Waterloo. With the power within their grasp the British people had then in their hands the means of building up a kingdom twice as strong as this we know; and they threw their power away.

In a hundred years of peace the nation that destroyed Napoleon destroyed within its own borders a nation equal to itself.

War does not differ in any real way from any other kind of evil. War between one nation and another is dramatic; we see the soldiers marching out, we hear the booming of the guns, we feel the creeping shadow that comes across the homes of rich and poor. But war inside a nation is not dramatic. It is hidden behind doors or in back streets; it works its way quietly like a plague; and it is a miserable business for the newspapers. The "glory of war" is fine for them, but the wretchedness of the slums is poor stuff.

Like Naked Militarism

It would make this story too terrible to print the truth about the casualties of peace. It would be like the battlefield without the glow of deathless courage, without the pride and consolation of a noble cause. It would be like militarism in its utter nakedness. If we had taken a census of all the casualties within our gates in time of peace, of all the accidents and tragedies, of all the victims of infanticide, of all the lives so wantonly destroyed or maimed by drink or preventable disease, our census would have contained the names of over 250,000 dead and over 1,000,000 wounded every year. And yet millions who were shocked by a casualty list of a million men in a year of war were indifferent to the fact of such a list occurring in every year of peace.

Casualties of Peace

But far worse than the horrors of war are the horrors of peace, if we look into the depths. The mind can hardly grasp it all, but the truth, if it were fully told, would be that the mass of life submerged in the social and physical and moral wreckage of the British Isles, at any time in any year of the Victorian Era, was as great as the entire mass of British manhood in khaki on the battlefields. If we count the killed, the wounded, and the stricken in body, soul, and mind, the total can never be less than five millions. If we take the whole generation before the Great War, the casualties of peace would not be less than eight million dead and thirty million wounded, and all the time the standing army of pitiful humanity was there as well.

The United Kingdom threw away the equivalent of itself in its hundred years of peace. If we ask if we were building up or pulling down the United Kingdom when the war began the answer is not easy. There are forces of barbarism in the midst of these Islands dragging the nation down as if a millstone hung about its neck.

Every stone that is laid in the slow building up of the British Millennium is hindered and weakened by enemies within our gates.

Things a Word Can Hide

The Great War found our country standing at the head of the nations of Europe, and her flag flying proudly over a quarter of the world; but the flag of freedom must have drooped with shame sometimes when it came home from overseas.

The English flag flies high on its way round the world, but from the Tower of Parliament it flies over things that would disgrace Dahomey. It flew before the war over a nation with one quarter of its people below the poverty line. It flew over a nation looking on calmly while thousands of its little lives were thrown away. It flew over a nation where men grew rich and trades grew powerful by sowing disease and ruin among the mass of the people.

It flew over a nation in which millions of poor gasped for sunshine and air and the means of life. It flew over a land in which the casualties of peace were greater than the casualties of any war that it had ever known.

And yet it was called the life of peace. Perhaps we are beginning to realise the terrible things a word can hide. We may make a wilderness and call it peace, but it is still a wilderness. We may stifle the sobs of little children, but their lives are running out. We may hide the poor in their dark slums, but the people go on dying. We may let a man sell poison to the people in the name of liberty, but the poison that man sells kills them still.

War with the lid off or Peace with the lid on, it is the same; we do not heal the wounds of war by giving them nice names. We do not give a nation peace when we send its army home. Who loves not justice, says Swinburne, cannot love peace, for peace is just.

Need of a New Outlook

We must change our ideas of the meaning and value of things. We must be humbled before God and ashamed before men, of the things we pass by even now in our British Peace. We need love no less our glorious countrymen who lie dead on every continent and down in every sea; but as we love and honour them let us be worthy of them. For every British casualty in war there are many in peace. For every killed or wounded man in war there are many men and women and children perishing from lack of knowledge or neglect, for want of food or air, for want of a helping hand from a civilisation that passes them by.

Many who never thought before are thinking now. Let us think on these things. Let us look about us in this land of the free, and discover what was happening in the days when Peace smiled on her valleys and Plenty arrived at her gates.

continued next week

HIGH TIDE

A Cave Mystery

What Has Happened Before

Dick, who lives with his brother, a railway surveyor, at Villadonga on the north coast of Spain, goes out fishing with a fisherman named Pablo.

They anchor the boat off The Cave of the Angels, a natural grotto in the cliffs. The anchor gets caught by something small; it is a skull. Dick is greatly excited, but Pablo will not discuss the matter.

Neither will his little Spanish friend Lola; but when she dares him to spend a night in the cave he accepts the challenge.

CHAPTER 5

Lola Repents

Dick first explored the cave with his flashlight. He saw no more than he had always seen: a hollow running back not more than twenty feet, with bare rock walls. Now that he knew there was nothing in the cave behind him he sat down at the mouth, with his legs dangling over the sea. It occurred to him that he might be the first person to have spent a night in the cave for hundreds of years. And in that he was perfectly right.

There was no sound in the world but the lap of the little waves at his feet. The silence did not frighten him. He picked out the stars that he knew, and watched the Great Bear slowly wheel overhead as the night wore on. Sometimes he cut a piece of his sausage and chewed it slowly for something to do.

Meanwhile the level of the sea rose. It was one of the two highest tides of the year, the spring tide nearest to the September equinox, and the water rose and rose until it was only a little distance below his feet. He was tempted to dive in and have a swim, for he could easily climb up again; but something held him back.

Suddenly the air was shaken by a sound. It was more a vibration than a sound. It was like the noise that a ship makes when the steam is rushing through the siren without enough force to blow it. The air quivered, and Dick thought he heard a high, powerful scream: but on so high a note that it could hardly be heard at all. He peered out to sea, straining his eyes through the darkness. He saw the water break into an arrow of white foam as something cut through it moving fast out to sea. He could just make out a massive object which broke the surface and then disappeared. It looked like a submarine.

The night was silent again. Dick thought that he must have exaggerated the size of the mass that foamed through the water; perhaps it was merely a porpoise leaping and diving in pursuit of a school of fish. But then the waves that curled away from the thing's course broke on a rock near by. Dick, like everyone who sails a small boat, had been tossed about in the wash from a passing steamer. He reckoned that the boat, if it was a boat, that had caused the wash now breaking on the rock, must have powerful engines and be bigger than any of the fishing craft along the coast.

Dick no longer felt that the sea was friendly. He sat down as far away from it as he could get, right at the back of the cave. He was proud of himself, and thrilled at his discovery that there really was some mystery in the waters beneath him. But he knew that he had been in danger, and would have given a lot to know what it was.

Then he thought he heard a voice call his name. It was weird, and Dick was frightened. He froze, holding his breath so as to hear every murmur of the night.

The voice called again: "Hola, Ricardito!"

This time he recognised it. He ran to the cave's mouth. There below him was a boat, and Lola in it.

"Oh, there you are!" said Lola, trying to keep her voice as matter-of-fact as possible.

"Whatever are you doing here?" asked Dick, amazed.

"I thought you'd be lonely," she answered airily, "so I just came along."

But she couldn't keep up her pretence any longer.

"Ricardito!" she cried, her deep, hoarse, little voice breaking with anxiety. "Are you all right? Tell me you're not hurt! It's all my fault you came here. I'll never forgive myself, Ricardito!"

Dick cut the water in a neat dive, and swam out to her.

He hauled himself aboard and sat on the thwart, dripping, and laughing at her.

Serial Story by Geoffrey Household

"I'm glad I'm not alone any more," said Lola humbly. "There wasn't much wind, and I didn't think I'd ever get to you. And then a big boat passed close to, and the wash nearly upset me."

"Did you see it?" asked Dick eagerly. "No," Lola answered. "The pigs didn't carry any lights."

"Are you sure it was a boat?"

"What else could it have been?" replied Lola, wondering. "But didn't you hear it, Ricardito?"

Dick hesitated a moment before he answered. He decided to tell his story only to Hal. He did not want to get all the villagers excited; it would spoil his chances of solving the mystery.

"I heard something that sounded like steam escaping," he said guardedly.

"Yes, that was it—a nasty, powerful, thin sound. It was horrid, not like any boat I've ever heard. I'd have got under the bedclothes if there had been any," said Lola.

Dick was suddenly struck by her amazing courage. Believing in all sorts of devils that he didn't believe in at all, she had yet sailed out to The Cave of the Angels in the middle of the night. And she had dared it not from sheer pride like Dick, but because she felt that she had landed a friend in a mess, and that it was up to her to see him through it.

"Lola! You've got pluck!" exclaimed Dick.

"Oh!—even if I am a countess!" remarked Lola, giggling.

"I didn't mean it when I said that—about countesses being afraid of ghosts," apologised Dick.

"Well, I'm sorry I said you were a little heathen," Lola replied.

There was a silence of several minutes while each of them thought what a good companion the other was. Then Dick, puzzled, asked: "What made you so sure that I would really come here?"

"Silly!" answered Lola in her deep voice, looking wise. "I know you. If you said you'd go, go you would."

The breeze freshened, for dawn was not far away. Lola was caught unawares, and the mainsail swung over with a crash. Dick jumped for the tiller and stood out from the cliffs, with the water singing a happy song as it gurgled under the bows.

"Why, this is Pablo's boat!" exclaimed Dick, as he felt how she answered the helm. "Did you take it without asking him? He'll be furious if we don't get it back before morning."

"And if Mother finds out that I'm not in bed she'll be furious," said Lola.

"You'd better run back by land," Dick suggested. "Then nobody will be awake when you get in. I'll take the boat back."

"All right," Lola said.

Dick went about, and ran in close under the cliffs. "Jump!" he yelled.

Plaits and legs flying, Lola jumped and landed safely. "Good-bye, heathen dear!" she cried. "See you this afternoon?"

The wind was coming out of the dawn; then it veered to the north-west, freshening every minute. Sailing close-hauled, Dick stood well out to sea to clear Offering Key. The boat shot from wave to wave in a smother of foam, and Dick sang at the tiller from sheer joy in the movement. After a while he stopped singing, jammed the boat into the wind, and took in two reefs. She sailed more easily now; but still the wind rose, and the western sky turned from pearl-grey to black. Just off the Key the first squall hit him. The rain lashed his face and the wind laid the boat over on her beam ends. At the same time a big, leisurely, white-capped roller came over the bows with a crash, and filled the boat with three inches of water.

"This won't do," said Dick to himself.

"I can't make it."

He wore the boat around, taking a shower of spray as he did so, and ran before the wind. He hadn't a very clear idea of what he was going to do, but it was obvious that he could not face those seas in a 15-foot boat. Tearing toward the cliffs, he thought it out. His best chance was to run for a cove beyond The Cave of the Angels, and beach the boat. He put the helm down and raced back on the course he had come.

He was now nearly opposite the cave, and much too close to the cliffs for his comfort. The waves were pounding and spouting on the shallow ledge where Pablo had dived for the anchor the day before. Dick, desperate, tried to tack, but the boat hung in the trough of a wave, and the next caught it and hurled it toward the cliff.

Continued on the next page

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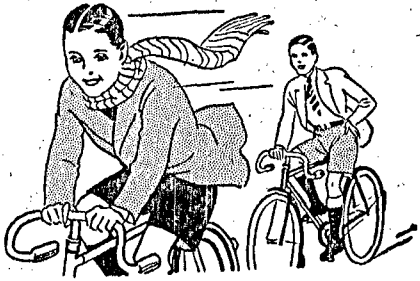
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DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

Continued from the previous page

The tide, the spring tide which had nearly reached his feet as he sat in the cave, was falling fast; any wave now might fling the boat on the bottom. Dick fought manfully to keep off the lee-shore. The gallant boat took the heavy seas like a steeple-chaser going over hurdles, and even with death before his eyes Dick felt a wild pleasure at the way she answered his small hand on the tiller. But it was a losing battle. For every yard he made he was flung back two.

Still there was a chance. Dick ran straight for the shore, tossed madly by the waves which, without order or discipline, were leaping up and down over the ledge. He meant to wreck the boat and jump for it, as Lola had jumped two hours before. He looked over his shoulder. Coming down from the north was a wave such as he had never seen. It caught up the spouting water in its course and carried it forward in a great, grim, orderly mass, topped with white. Dick tried to go about and ride over it, but he was too late. It curled over the boat, shutting out the sky. Dick drew a deep breath. The wave fell.

He went down under the weight of water, down and down, waiting for the rock bottom which would smash him to pieces. Whirled back and forth, head over heels, and ever downward, a thought sprang into his mind as clearly as if he had heard Father Juan's voice: "Fifty fathoms and no bottom!"

CHAPTER 6

The Wreck

ON the morning of Dick's disappearance the steam launch San José went down with all hands. She was a deep-sea fishing boat of a type used all along the north coast of Spain; an undecked wooden launch, 50 feet long, with the simplest kind of steam engine amidships.

These launches looked the most top-heavy craft, for a brightly-painted boiler, topped by an unwieldy funnel, stuck up high above the sides of the boat. Actually they were wonderfully seaworthy. The weight of engine, water, and fuel acted as ballast, and they could roll, pitch, and waddle through heavy seas without shipping a drop of water.

The San José would not have been seriously troubled by the gale that wrecked

Dick Garland. She had gone down in the flat calm before dawn. She belonged to the fishing fleet of Zumaya, a port in the Basque country 200 miles to the east. The fleet had been working out of sight of land, with the San José sailing about two miles closer to the shore than the rest. They saw her masthead lights and the faint glow of her furnace. Then the lights suddenly vanished. A moment later they heard a dull thud, followed by the roar of the exploding boiler as the launch went under.

Cutting their nets adrift the fleet steamed to the spot at full speed. Nothing was left of the San José but a few oars and casks floating on the water. The Erreguina raced to the port of Villadonga to get help and information from the local fishermen. The rest of the fleet stood by, steaming to and fro in spite of the rising storm.

At sunrise a busy crowd was gathered on the water-front of Villadonga. Several of the larger boats were preparing to put to sea. Blue-shirted men were overhauling the running gear. The women hurried back and forth between the quay and the cottages that lined it, clearing the boats of nets and baskets and bringing dinner pails to their husbands. The Erreguina rocked importantly at the quayside, while her captain hammered at the door of the village postmaster, who was also the telegraph operator.

The little man protested feebly from under his bedclothes, but, finding that this unreasonable seaman would not let him sleep, at last appeared at the door in his nightshirt. Hearing what the captain wanted, he vanished inside again and grabbed his official gold-braided cap, as if he could not send a telegram without it. Then, clad only in the cap and his night-shirt, he scampered down the village street to the post office, with the captain pounding heavily after.

One telegram, in Spanish, went to the harbour-master of Zumaya, reporting the loss of the San José. A second, in Basque, was addressed to Ramon Echegaray, Bilbao. The telegram read:

San José sunk with all hands seven miles north-east by north of Villadonga. Apparent cause uncharted rock or submerged wreck, but no trace of either. Sea dead calm. Can you explain?

Olazabal, master s.s. Erreguina.

TO BE CONTINUED

CHIMP LAUGHS LAST

CHIMP's people had gone away for the week-end, and Mrs Jacko had said he might stay with Jacko.

"You will have to let Chimp have your room, and you can sleep with Adolphus," she said.

Adolphus was not too pleased to hear this, but Mrs Jacko said she was not going to risk letting Chimp and Jacko sleep together; they would get into enough mischief during the day.

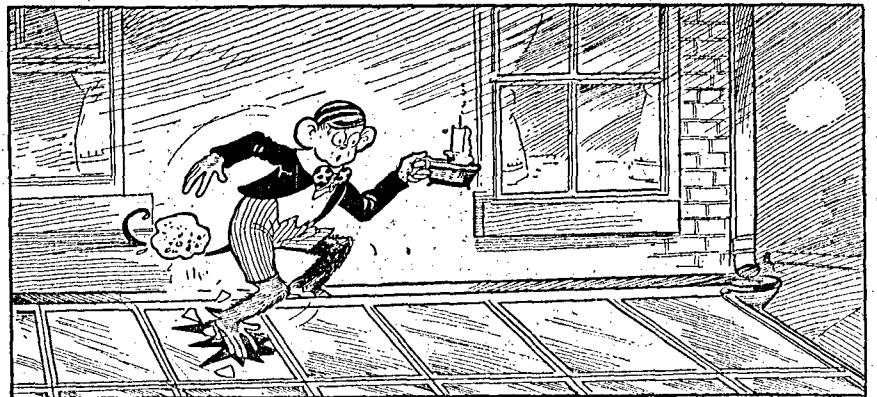
way quietly along, climb in, and fling a wet sponge at him.

"That'll startle him, and serve him right," he chuckled.

Presently, anxious to start before Adolphus came up and interfered, Jacko opened the window and looked out. It was very dark, and he had no torch.

"I shall have to manage with a candle," he thought.

So with the damp sponge in his pocket



Crash! went the glass

On Saturday afternoon Jacko missed his friend for a little while, and Chimp refused to say where he had been. But when bedtime came Jacko knew, for the ends of the legs and sleeves of his pyjamas had been sewn together.

Jacko dashed along to the other door, but Chimp had locked it.

As Jacko sat on his bed uncutting the stitches an idea came to him. Their bedroom windows were on the same side of the house, and just below them ran a wide gutter above the glass roof of the outhouse. He decided to wait until Chimp was asleep and then make his

he climbed out, planted his feet firmly in the gutter, and reached for the candle. He moved cautiously for a step or two. Then a breeze came round the corner, and the candle flame flickered.

Jacko put his hand up quickly to protect it, wobbled, and slipped! Down went one foot over the gutter, and crash! went a pane of glass.

It was no use trying to surprise Chimp after all that noise.

Fortunately Jacko had only broken one pane of glass, but worse than having to pay for it out of his pocket-money was Chimp's delight!



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GIRLS.
Barbara Hanlon, Tewkesbury.
Jean Kenyon, Blackburn, Lancs.
Patricia Cox, Alveston, Derby.
Barbara Thorpe, Derby.
Eva Stephens, Cornwall.
Joyce Merriman, Long Eaton, Notts.
Freda Wilkinson, Erdington, Birmingham.
Barbara Wyborn, Small Heath, Birmingham 10.
Gladys Cowen, Liscard, Walsley.
Betty White, Great Moor, Stockport.

BOYS.
Tom Skellett, Bardney, nr. Lincoln.
Harry Houlden, Bardney, nr. Lincoln.
Herbert Sellars, Bardney, nr. Lincoln.
Ernest Sellars, Bardney, nr. Lincoln.
Eric Atkinson, West Hartlepool.
Bernard Heritage, nr. Dover, Kent.
Barry Hampton, Chesterfield.
Thomas Smithson, Bardney, nr. Lincoln.
Stanley Warren, Gt. Maplestead, Essex.
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Here is marvellous news from Uncle ODOL. It must be the promise of Spring that puts him in such a generous mood, for he will send a prize to every boy and girl who enters the March Competition. So here's your chance. Hurry up and ask Mother to get you the Odol Painting and Story Book. It is given free with a sixpenny tube of Odol Tooth Paste or a tin of Solid Dentifrice. Send your entry at once, because Uncle Odol wants plenty of time to arrange prizes for everybody.



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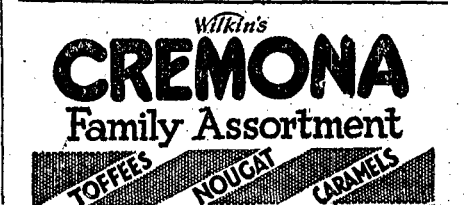
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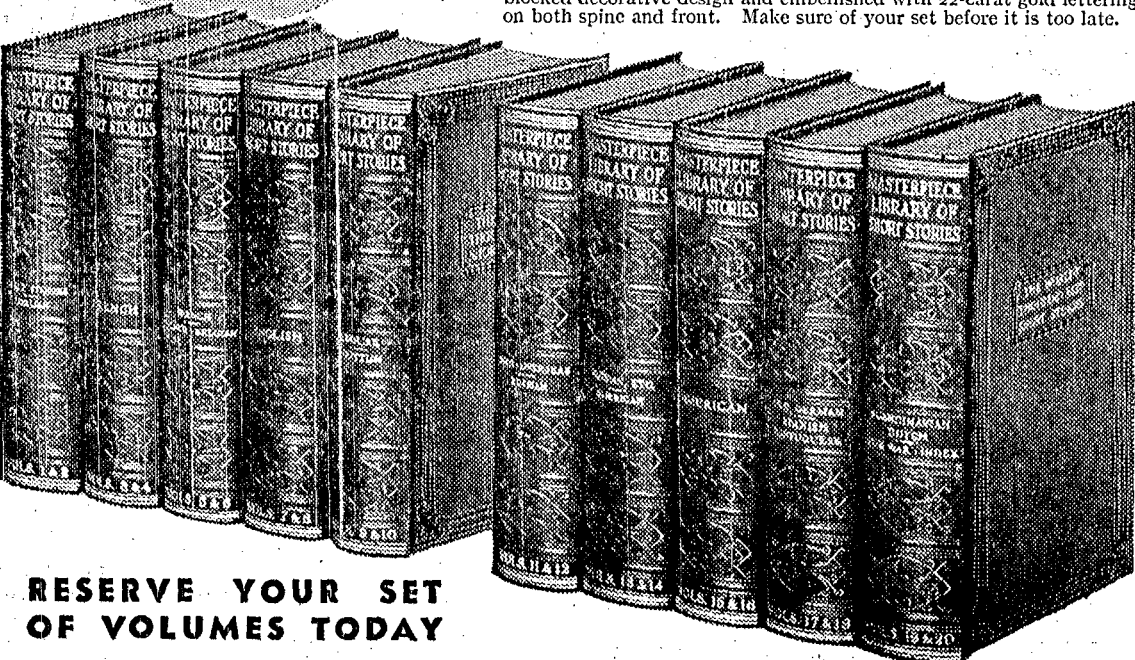
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THE BRAN TUB

Father and Son

A FATHER and his son are aged 71 and 34. When was the father three times the age of his son, and when will the son be half his father's age?

Answer next week

Rubbish

THE new servant was clearing up when the distinguished writer entered his study.

"You are not burning my papers?" he exclaimed, seeing the girl by the fire.

"It's quite all right, sir," replied the girl. "It's only some that's covered with writing. I've left the clean paper alone."

Number One

IF you see a suburban engine on the L.M.S. with the numeral 1 painted on it, do not think that the engine is the most ancient of all those on the L.M.S. system.

This railway has 8226 engines, but for some time there has been no Number One. Many have numbers above 10,000, but as the older types die out all standard engines having five-figure numbers are to have allotted to them smaller vacant numbers. The abolition of five-figure numbers will yield a considerable economy in paint alone!

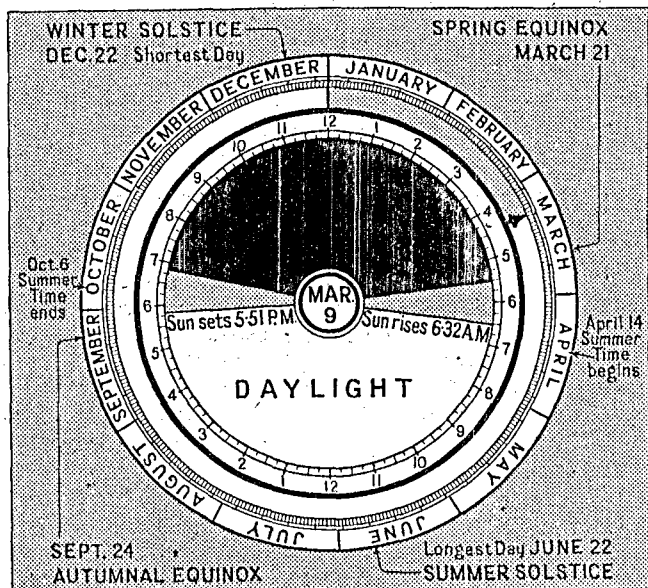
Poster Stamp Picture Puzzle



FIND the five words represented by these drawings and write them down in such order that the two middle letters of the words will spell the name of one of the places on the Southern Railway shown in the C.N. Poster Stamp Album.

Answer next week

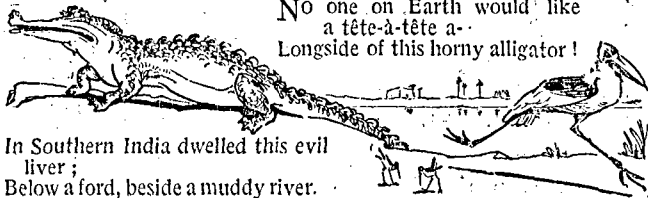
The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on March 9. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

The Alligator's Dinner

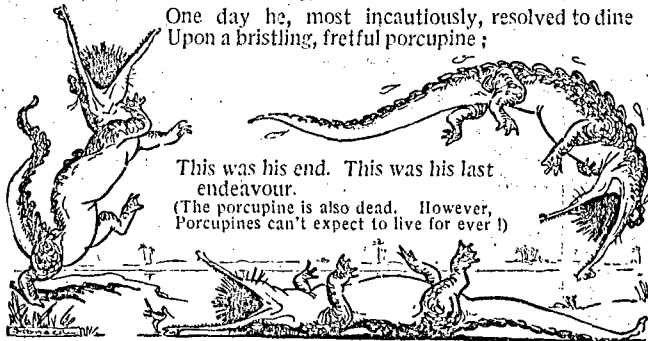
No one on Earth would like a tête-à-tête a-Longside of this horny alligator!



In Southern India dwelled this evil liver; Below a ford, beside a muddy river.



He fed on anything, from cockatoo Up to the highly-cultivated mild Babu.



One day he, most incautiously, resolved to dine Upon a bristling, fretful porcupine;

This was his end. This was his last endeavour.

(The porcupine is also dead. However, Porcupines can't expect to live for ever!)

Enigma

IN a barn or a cottage I often appear, But when in a palace—oh, how the folks stare! Nor me, nor my mother, can ladies endure, For I, like the ladies, have charms to allure, And dare to assert it; nor vain is the boast My captives oft number a moderate host. Secured by my mother in some snug retreat I'm bound to support her, when-e'er she thinks meet, Till some cruel wretch shall our residence spy Then, forced to submit, we descend from on high; When death and destruction too often ensue, We are tortured, abused—nay, and trampled on too.

Answer next week

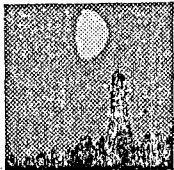
Camel Facts

BAGGAGE camels cover 40 to 50 miles a day when carrying loads. The camel's nostrils are so constructed that it can close them during a sandstorm. The Bactrian camel has two humps,

and is better adapted to mountainous country than desert. The Arabian camel has one hump, and is best for desert transport. The dromedary is a swift-riding camel, as opposed to the ordinary baggage camel.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, Mars and Neptune are in the South-East. In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on March 13.

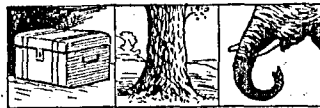


Unlucky

SAMBO was not superstitious, so he walked beneath the ladder. As he did so a brick fell and broke in two on his head.

"Hey! You up dere," he called. "If you don't want your bricks broken just keep dem off my head."

Ici On Parle Français



La malle trunk Le tronc trunk La trompe trunk
Je mettrai ma malle aux bagages. Ce tronc a un mètre de diamètre. La trompe est utile à l'éléphant.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

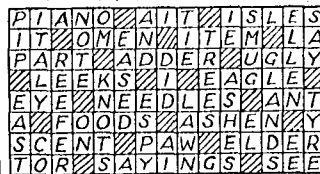
A Free Dinner

On the 420th day (420 being the l.c.m. of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7).

Double Acrostic

M atche S
A rro W
R egali A
G rai N
A ustrali A
T u G
E ngin E

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



A Pony For Jean

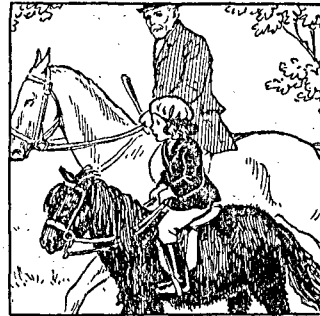
JEAN and her mother went to live in a cottage in a tiny village, and at the end of their garden was a big orchard. In the orchard lived a shaggy Shetland pony named Mousey. When her master went out for rides on his big bay mare Mousey used to run along the hedge as far as she could, whinnying excitedly.

"Mousey does so want to go for a ride with the old gentleman," Jean told her mother. Indeed she felt so sorry for the pony that she used to go to the gap in their hedge and give her a lump of sugar.

Mousey soon grew to know her and would come galloping up on her sturdy little legs as soon as Jean appeared. One day when Jean was talking to her the old gentleman came into the orchard. Mousey ran to meet him and then came frisking back, as if to say, "Come along, and I'll introduce you to my new friend!"

The gentleman smiled at Jean and said, "Mousey seems to have made great friends with you."

"Yes," said Jean shyly, "she always looks so disappointed that she can't go



They trotted happily along

for a ride with you that I give her a lump of sugar to cheer her up. I hope you don't mind," she added.

"Oh no," laughed the gentleman, "a lump of sugar won't hurt Mousey; and, as a matter of fact, she does want a ride very badly. I keep her for my little granddaughter, May, who stays here and rides when she comes home for her holidays, but Mousey is miserable when she goes back to school. Can you ride?" he added.

"No," answered Jean; "but I should love to!"

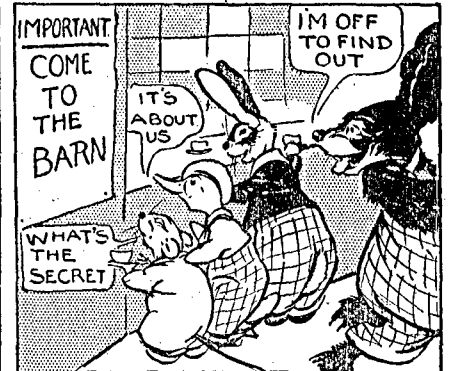
"Well," said her new friend, "if your mother will allow it my man shall teach you, and then Mousey will be able to have her morning rides again."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Jean, clapping her hands. "How lovely!"

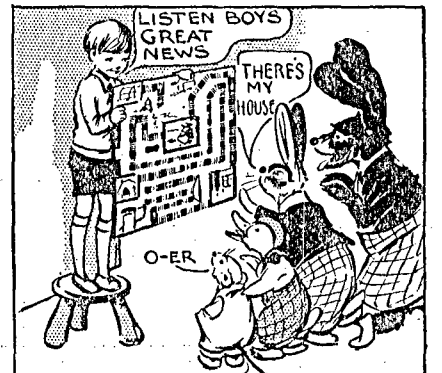
Jean's new friend kept his word, and before very long the little girl was trotting happily along the lane on pretty Mousey beside the old gentleman on his big horse.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

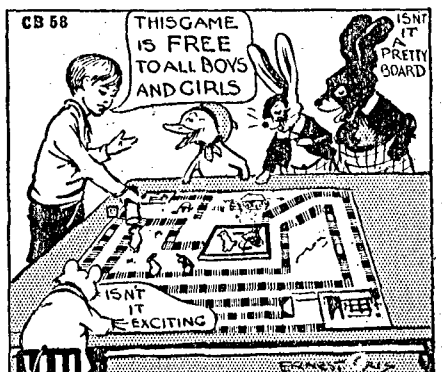
The Old Barn Mystery



Last Saturday the Cococubs had a race. Afterwards they were drinking cocoa at Granny Owl's when they saw a notice "IMPORTANT Come to the Barn." They were curious. Off they rushed.



Jonathan was at the Barn. "Did you enjoy the race?" he asked. "Yes!" they all shouted. "Then listen to my NEWS," said Jonathan, "Our race has been printed as a game!"



The Cococub Race Game is great fun. It is like snakes and ladders but much more exciting. Cadburys would like to send you the game as a present. Ask Mummy to help you to cut out this Cococub Adventure. Pin it to a piece of paper with your name and address ONLY on it. (Do not write anything except your name and address on the piece of paper). Post in an unsealed envelope (4d. stamp) to Jonathan, Cadbury Bros. Ltd., Bournville. This offer applies to Great Britain only.

There's a Cococub in every tin of The CHILDREN'S Bournville Cocoa